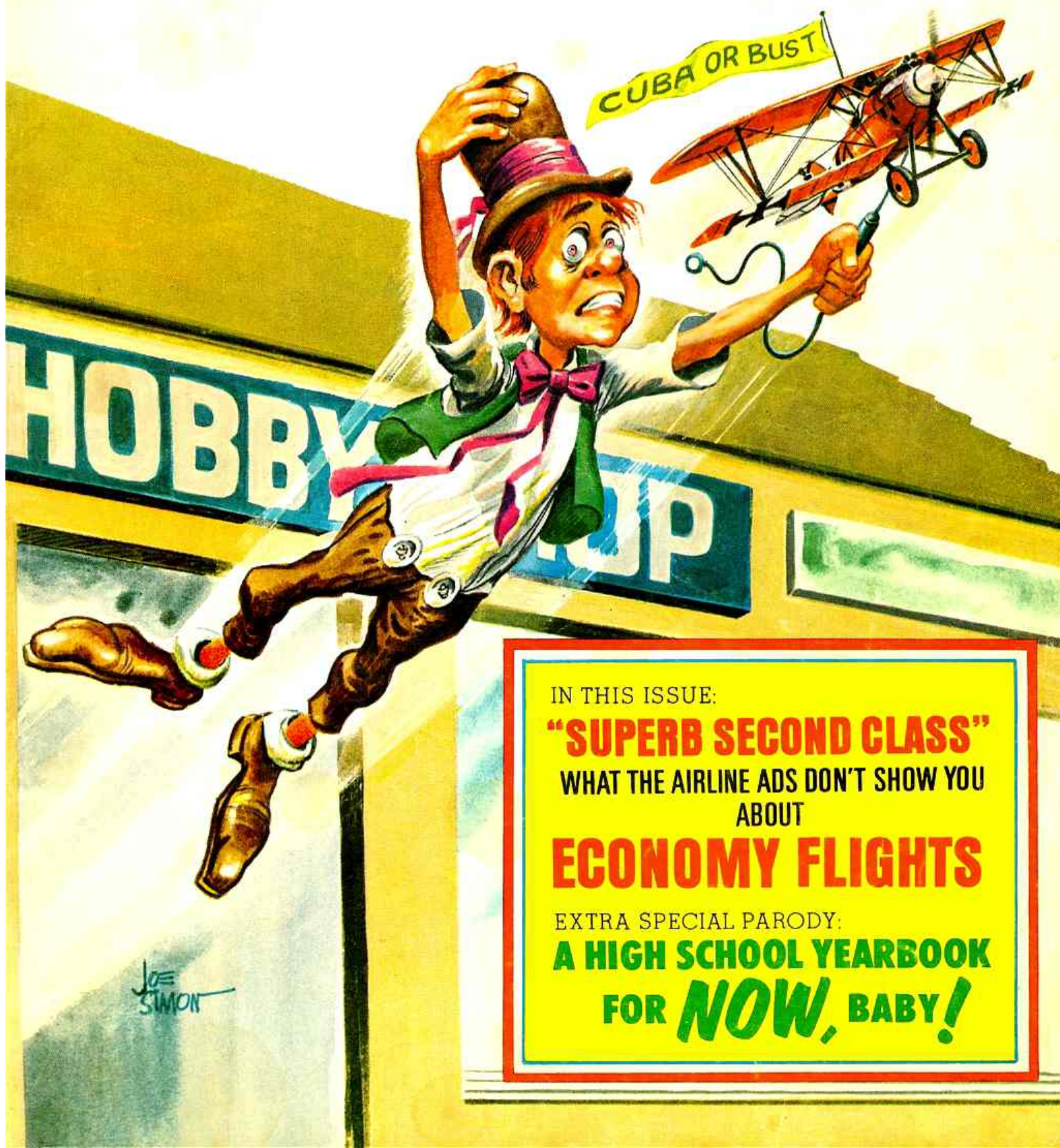


MARCH
No. 66

SICK

35¢



IN THIS ISSUE:

"SUPERB SECOND CLASS"

WHAT THE AIRLINE ADS DON'T SHOW YOU
ABOUT

ECONOMY FLIGHTS

EXTRA SPECIAL PARODY:

**A HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK
FOR *NOW*, BABY!**



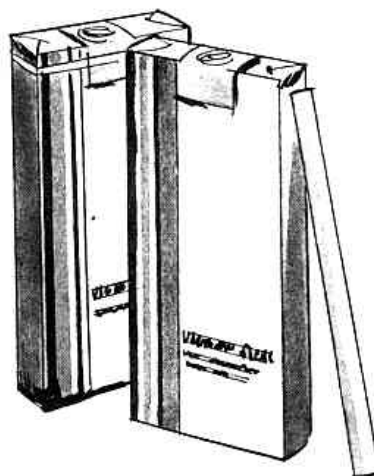
(1) Mrs. Cynthia Hammerschlogg smoked her first cigarette on May 19, 1910... in the attic of her Victorian mansion. Her husband caught her—he sealed up the attic—with Cynthia still inside. (2) Grinelda Bell smoked her first "crazy" cigarette behind the old barn... on an old farm... with an old farmer. They were married later—nine months later. (3) Myra Phreeps smoked her first home-made cigarette on March 4th, 1911. She passed away on March 5th, 1911. And you're going a long way, too—now there's a sick filthy cigarette all your own.



New Virginia Sicks.

The new sick cigarette
that makes fat women
slim, just like that
fatal disease.

**Regularly Deadly
or Menthol Funeral**

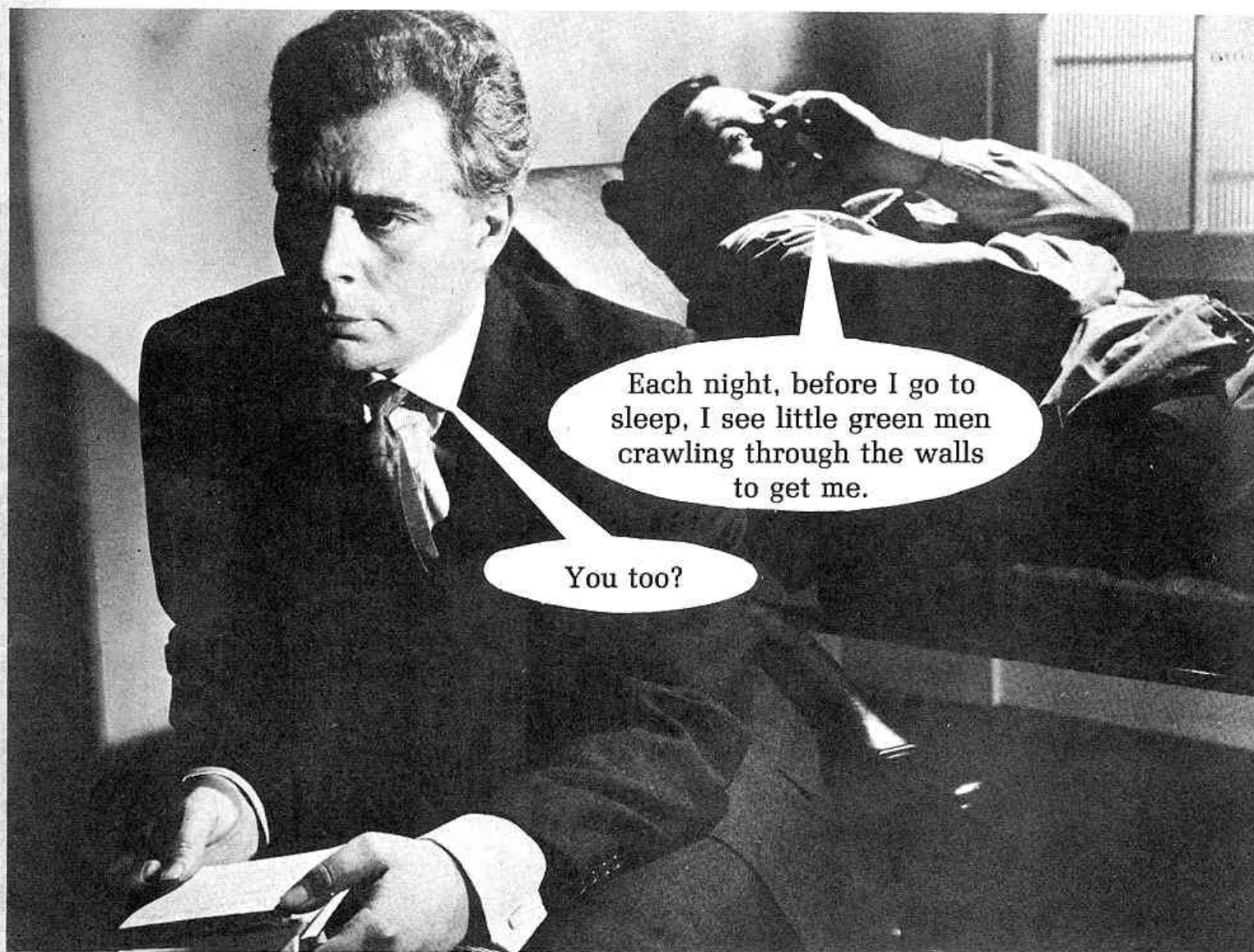


**Yes, with Virginia Sicks—
You're going a LONG, LONG way!**

Volume 9,
Number 2

SICK

March, 1969
No. 66



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SICKCERELY YOURS..



Please write to:
Sick Magazine
444 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10022

I have considered your magazine as a Cultural Bible and have praised your articles attacking all the evils of the Great Society. However, when you had the nerve to mock Tiny Tim, the only savior of North America who hasn't been assassinated, you guys are anarchists or something, I have just lost all my confidence in you. I hope you will apologize and restore my good feeling for you.

Thomas Buinys
C/O General Delivery
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Ed: Tiny Tim wanted to join the Army but they went crazy trying to classify him.

You really hit the target with The Medic Machine. It's about time somebody deflated the family doctor. Boy, I could tell you some stories about our experiences with those pill pushers, but they wouldn't be very funny.

Phyllis Berger
Plainview, N.Y.

Ed: If it's not funny, we'll print it.

You've got a lot of gall putting down doctors and hospitals. How would you like to live in an area where they didn't have medical facilities? I'll bet you'd be singing a different tune then. When you need a doctor, you'd be surprised at how good the phrase sounds, "This may hurt a little." At my age (I'm 36) you really get to appreciate the efforts of your family doctor.

William Draut
Bronx, N.Y.

Ed: You're a sick kid, William.

I liked the way you put down Mannix. I've been wondering about that show for a long time. They have the most modern computers and scientific methods to fight crime and they always solve their problems with a punch in the nose.

Marie Fortin
St. Louis, Mo.

Ed: Computers should be used only for dating. Right, Marie, baby?

Why pick on Mannix? I think those scientific detectives are the cutest. I mean the computers, not the detectives.

Rachel Lavery
Oakland, Calif.

Ed: We'll do the jokes around here, Rachel!

Your Sick Award to Mad was not only an eye-opener but a stroke of true satire. I also want you to know that I hate you for it. I always thought that they were so original—it's like finding out there is no Santa Claus. From now on I'm buying Time.

Alex Alfonso
Chicago, Ill.

Ed: What about Sick? What about Sick?

I could have told you about Mad. I'm glad someone came along to deflate their little balloon. A magazine should be mean and nasty if they go in for satire. I think you should give more Sick Awards.

Marcine Reilly
Rochester, Minn.

Ed: The next one goes to you, Marcine.

Attention all prisoners: Send money! Dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies will be accepted. Send the money to 336 Vermont St., Travis A.F.B., California, and I will give it to your favorite charity. P.S. I am of course your favorite charity.

Steve Kemp
336 Vermont Street
Travis A.F.B.
Calif., 94535

Ed: Charity begins at home, readers.



And now to demonstrate
our new hearing-aid!

I'm a "Puro Mexicano" and I feel very proud of it. I think I can beat any yellow-bellied gringo my size.

The reason I'm writing to you is that I read the September issue of Sick and I found in the *Sick-cerely Yours* Section a letter written by a Samuel Olney from the state of New York. Little Old Samuel says that my buddy Gilberto Castro is an illiterate fink, well, I dare him to prove it.

To close, I would like to say that I don't agree with my friend Gilberto when he says that this psychedelic magazine is plain garbage. I think it is the grooviest and coolest mag you Americans have ever given to the "In" world.

Bernardo Rosales
Ciudad de los Ninos,
La Paz, B.C. Sur,
Mexico

Ed: Sam Olney was right, Bernardo, believe us!

I've been reading your Mag. for some time now, mostly to uphold my image as a jerk. All of a sudden, I find some of your material actually is funny. However, this is not a letter of appreciation, but a request for you to lay off the funny stuff for a couple more months because I shall be 21 shortly, and as an official adult, I would be forced to abandon "Sick," since it is a Kid's Mag. I'd like to think that I'm not missing anything. By the way, I'd like to write some girls, who regrettably, like me, have reached adulthood (females reach adulthood at 18). Danke.

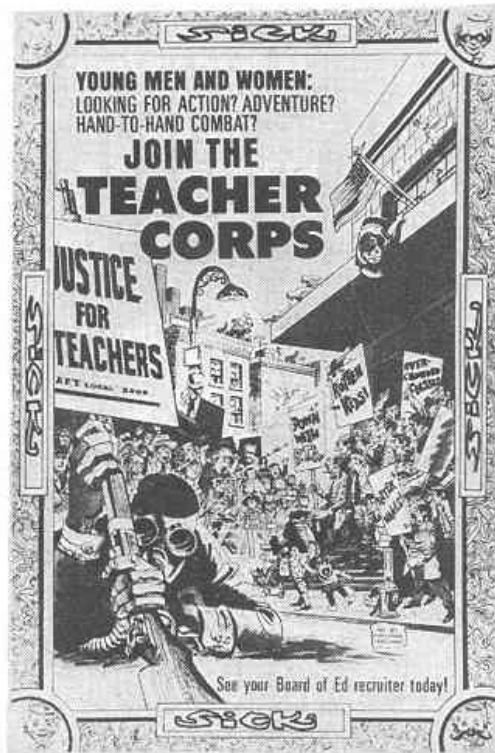
Richard Hall
190 Chili Ave.
Rochester, N.Y.

Ed: Kid's mag? Are you kidding! Hubert Humphrey, George Wallace and Dick Gregory all got their campaign plans from Sick! Dick Nixon is too old. He was always too old.

I really liked your August issue; I bought it personally. I enjoyed "101 Hippie Jokes." I think your magazine is really something else. I am 9 years old.

David Hurlburt
Cudaky, California

Ed: Sick is not for kids, kid!



My mother is a teacher and she hung the Teacher Corps poster in her classroom. Now the kids think she's real hip. That was a cool idea, wasn't it?

Milton Glazer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Ed: No.

I tried to join the Teacher Corps but I can't seem to find my local recruiting board. Can you help me?

Larry Torres
New York

Ed: No.

Your "Future Ads for Subways" made the subway ride seem like a great adventure. When I come to New York, I plan to spend a whole day on the subway. I hope it lives up to my expectations.

Pat Howell
San Diego

Ed: We hope you live through it.



"There's been a lot of that bug goin' around lately!"

NEW DRUGS FOR HIPPIES

A recent survey has disclosed that Hippies are growing bored with LSD, opium, and marijuana. They are switching to more powerful stimulants. Some of these new drugs can be extremely dangerous to the Hippie if applied improperly, and the authorities are alarmed!



SHAMPOO

Warning: Should only be taken internally! If accidentally spilled upon the hair all the wild life there might drown!!



DEODORANT

Licking this mysterious substance results in fantastic psychedelic trips. Extreme care must be taken, however, not to permit this powerful stimulant to ever drip down to armpits! The destructive effect it would have upon the odors accumulating there over the years may prove fatal or worse!!



DISINFECTANT

To apply properly, the container should be held in either the left or right hand and banged vigorously against the skull until the "trip" begins. Great care must be taken lest the finger accidentally come into contact with the spray button, or the results may prove fatal!

Art by Bob Taylor
Script by Bob Heit



H₂O

Almost all Hippies are still terrified of this most potent drug, and will not use it. If applied in large dosages it can completely demolish his image! However, it has one effect which a growing number of them are finding increasingly difficult to resist. When dabbed in tiny amounts upon the dirt that is caked on their bodies, it produces MUD!



TOOTHPASTE

Has great psychedelic effect if placed in ears. Great care must be taken, however, not to permit this powerful substance to ever touch the teeth! The sediment that has been accumulating there over the years may be utterly destroyed!



AFTER-SHAVE LOTION

This is the only new drug that cannot do any harm since the beard will completely absorb the liquid before it can come into contact with the skin.

Applied to the beard it will help to make the flowers grow.



SOAP

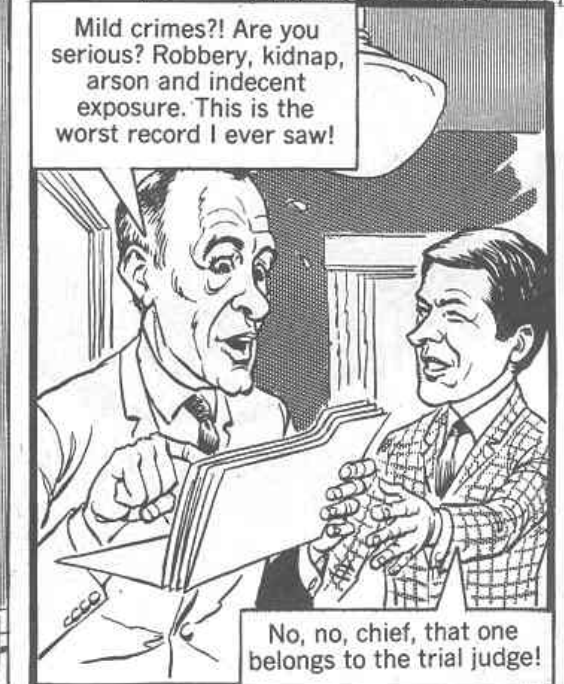
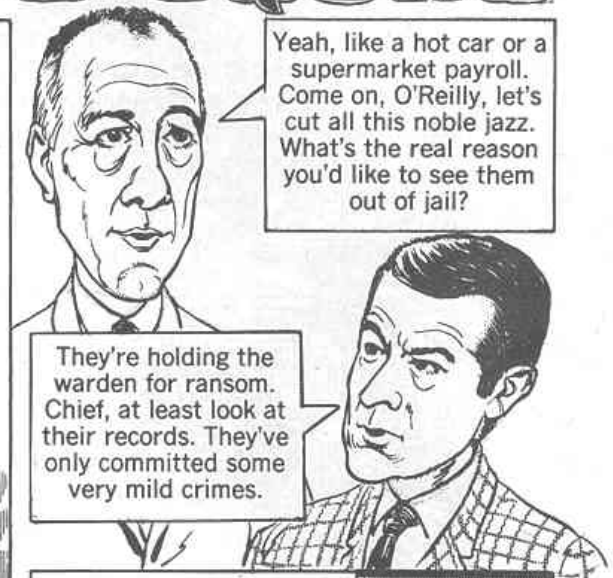
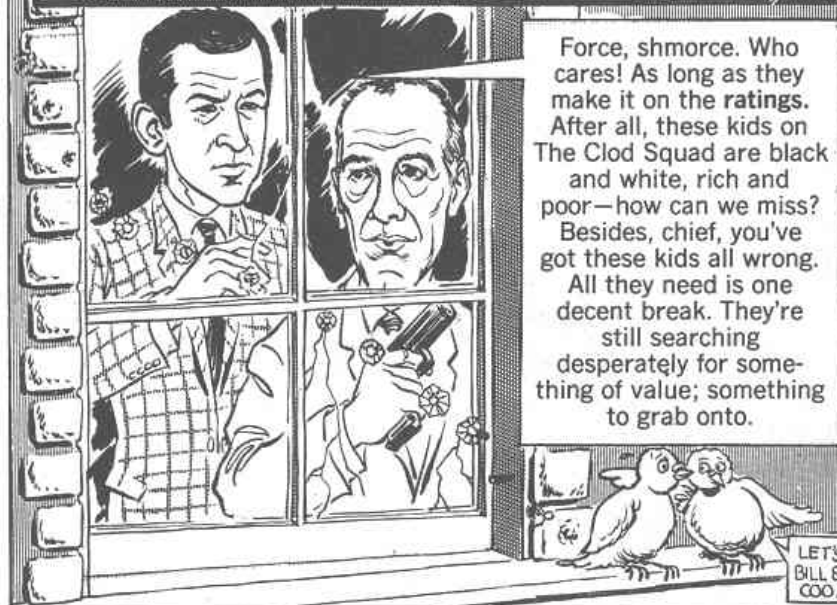
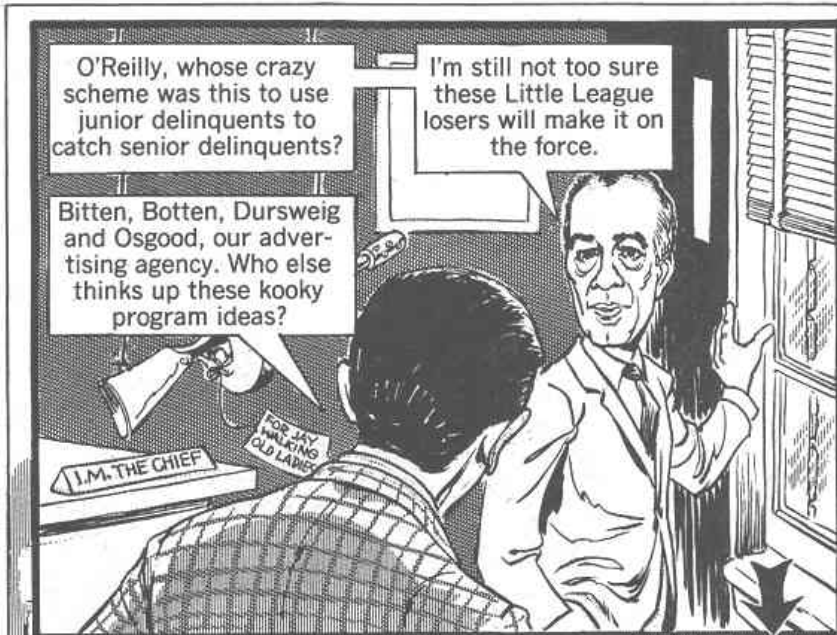
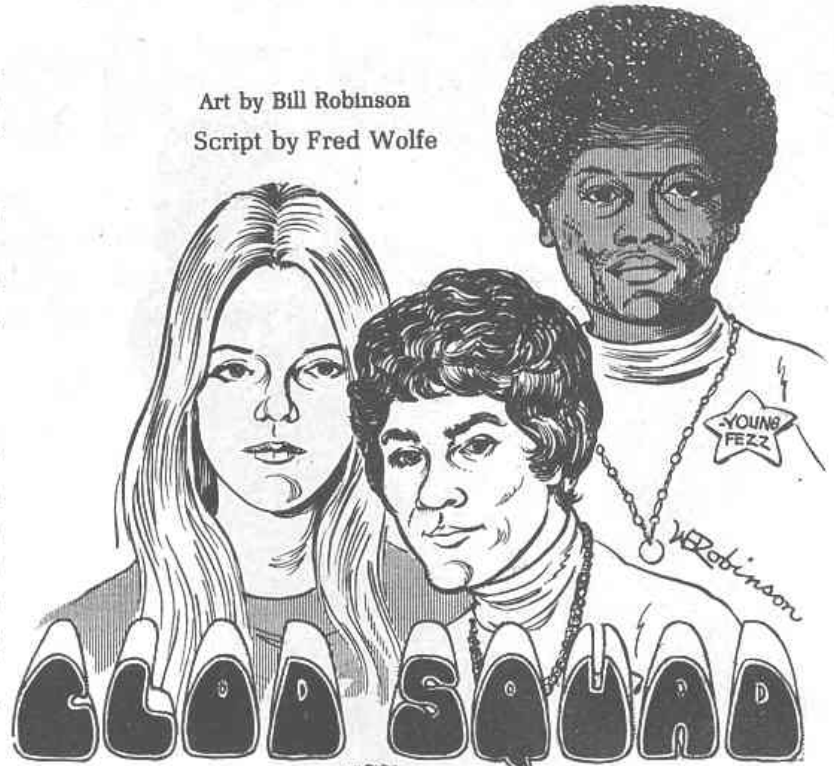
Excellent for sniffing. However, extreme caution must be exercised to prevent it from coming into contact with any skin surface. As a precautionary measure this substance should only be handled with 10 foot prongs.

It's happened, baby! Through the magic of the "boob tube," the youth movement has finally succeeded in infiltrating the last bastion of Establishment authority—**The Fuzz!**

In this Ding Dong School for violence, a trio of teen-age losers are given a chance to redeem themselves in the eyes of society, by the simple expedient of helping law enforcement officers in their never ending search into wrong-doing—in other words, they're finks!

In this program, the accent is strictly on youth. In fact, during every station-break, they have to burp the director. The basic premise of the show is that these discotheque dicks have the youth, the guts, and the nerve to go where the average cops dare not go. This was proven on their very first case, where the two guys were picked up for loitering in the Ladies' Room—waiting for their date—the third member of the trio called:

Art by Bill Robinson
Script by Fred Wolfe



All right, let me see, now. This is the record of the rich white kid. Hmm. It seems he made a killing on Wall Street.

What's so bad about that?

See, that's not so bad.

It was his broker! Let's see this next record. Well, well, this colored kid stole a watermelon.

Out of George Wallace's mouth?

Hmm. This last one presents a problem. This girl was arrested for keeping bad company. In fact, it says here her mother is a streetwalker.



That does sound a bit gamey. Why don't we just change the record to read—"mother in public relations"?

Good thinking! By the way, O'Reilly, have you ever thought of going into politics, or don't you have a show business background? Okay, bring the kids in.



Hi, Whitey! Wanna buy a bike?

Don't they ever use doors?



All right, you three, calm down and let's get right to business.

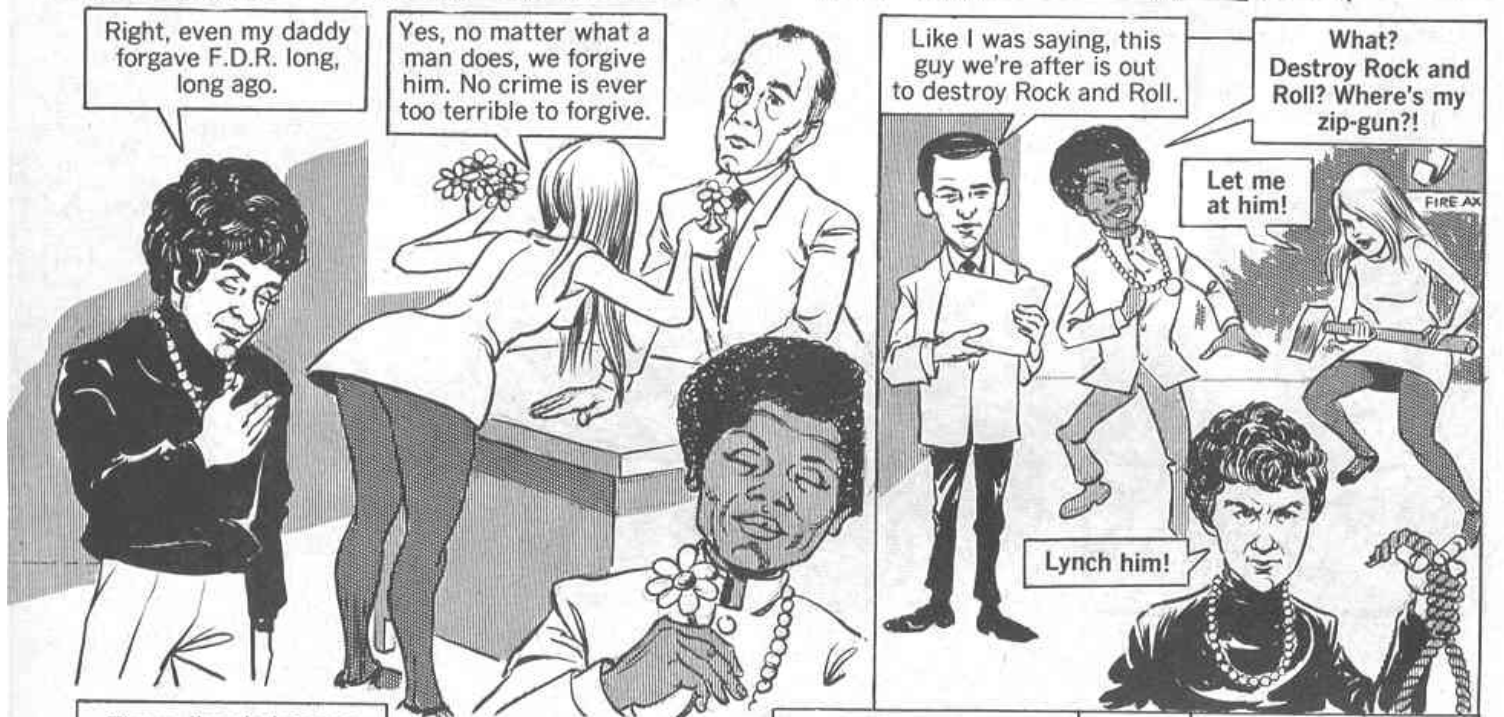
Business? Say, that reminds me, I have to check the ticker. Hmm. I.B.M. went up ten points. Okay, chief, now I can afford to listen to your proposition.

And speaking of propositions, chiefie, I bet your wife doesn't understand you one bit.

As a matter of fact, Bess and I haven't been getting along lately.

What am I saying? Get off my lap, young lady!





When he stomped on Presley's "Blue Suede Shoes," we noticed a definite aroma of distilled grapes clinging to the nap.

Sounds like some kind of wino to me.

Precisely. We also found, on the floor, an old lead sheet of the "Beer Barrel Polka," proving that he's a music lover from the old school. And the only old school I know where they serve liquor is this dance hall for arthritic swingers down the street.

What kind of place is that?

It's a discotheque for the Medicare set.

I've already lined up a job for you three as the new group playing there this weekend, so keep your eyes open, and your hands out of the customers' pockets. Anything you want to cover, chief?

Speaking of covers. Young lady, there's just one thing I want you to remember.

My apartment number is 5B!

What's that?

GET OFF ME, YOU HOOD!

The Clod Squad is now playing in the "Slipped-Disc Discotheque," where the Big Sound is the hardening of arteries.

I think we're going to have a hard time finding that wino in this place. All they seem to drink here is prune juice.

Hmm. No wonder the sign says: "Run, do not walk to the nearest exit." Wait a second, the cigarette girl is giving us the eye. I think she wants to attract our attention. Say, why is she wearing road map directions on her legs?

Those aren't road map directions, you idiot! Those are varicose veins!

Cigars, cigarettes, hot chicken soup? Hello, boys, I'm a special agent sent by the chief. I've got some information on that wino you're looking for.

Lay it on us, granny.

The man who is out to destroy Rock and Roll can be found at Jack Benny's New Year's party.

That's your story, sister!

You've got to trust me, sonny.

BLAM!
BLAM!

Why did you shoot that nice old lady in the gut?

I never trust anyone over thirty.

The Clod Squad enters Jack Benny's apartment, disguised as entertainers, while the New Year's party is in full swing.

Did you call the chief?

We know, already!— Well?

Call that old lecher? What kind of a girl do you think I am?

He'll be here.

Come on, everybody, dig in!

J. BENNY'S
NEW YEARS
PARTY
\$1.50

Here, have a potato chip. It isn't "Lay's," so you won't be able to eat more than one.

When I was *The Fugitive*, I ate better than this in hobo jungles. Hey, you kids. Be careful how many hors d'oeuvres you eat—they're all **numbered**!

Hey, Jack. Where's the booze? Who ever heard of a New Year's party without a drop of liquor?

Patience, Dean, it's coming right up. My piggy bank only had enough left to either hire a band or buy liquor. But after careful thought and a lot of finageling, I was able to do both. So, without further ado, I present the highlight of the evening, Lawrence Welk and his champagne music! Pour it out, Lawrence, baby!

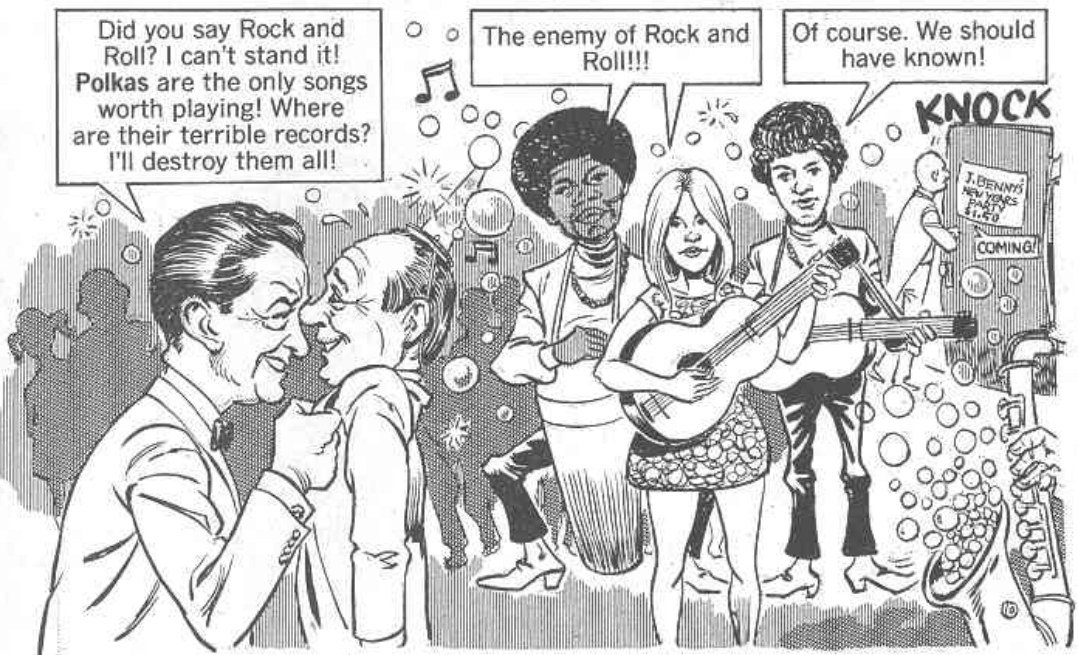


Lawrence, when you take your break, would you like a nice lox and roll?

Did you say Rock and Roll? I can't stand it! Polkas are the only songs worth playing! Where are their terrible records? I'll destroy them all!

The enemy of Rock and Roll!!!

Of course. We should have known!



Okay, O'Reilly, take him away! If he gives you any trouble, put on an L.P. of the Beatles.



And a one, and a two, and a three. It's the only true music, I tell you!



Great work, kids. I'm proud of you. I know going straight is tough. So, if you ever get the urge to return to crime and decide to hold up a bank, I want you to promise me one thing.



What's that?

We split down the middle!





Script by Bob Heit

Art by The Professor

REBUILDING OUR CITIES

There has been lots of talk lately about rebuilding our cities. That's okay with us, but **who's** going to rebuild them? The same unimaginative bunch who messed them up in the first place, that's who. What our city planners should do is build separate neighborhoods for special groups. Our rebuilt cities would then look like this—**SICK PLAN FOR TOMORROW'S CITIES...**



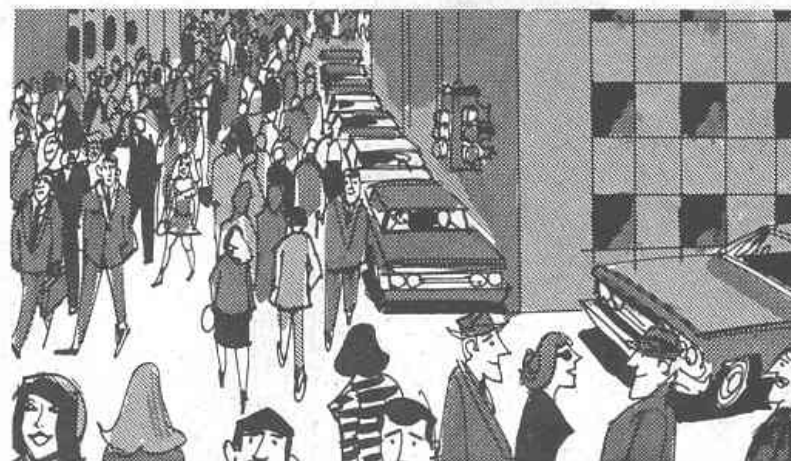
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR MOTORISTS

Aggressive drivers could take out their hostilities on pedestrians in one section of the city that is free of sidewalks. By keeping this area in the center of the city, rather than making it part of a speedway, it would be more sport for the city driver, who would have a better chance against the pedestrian.



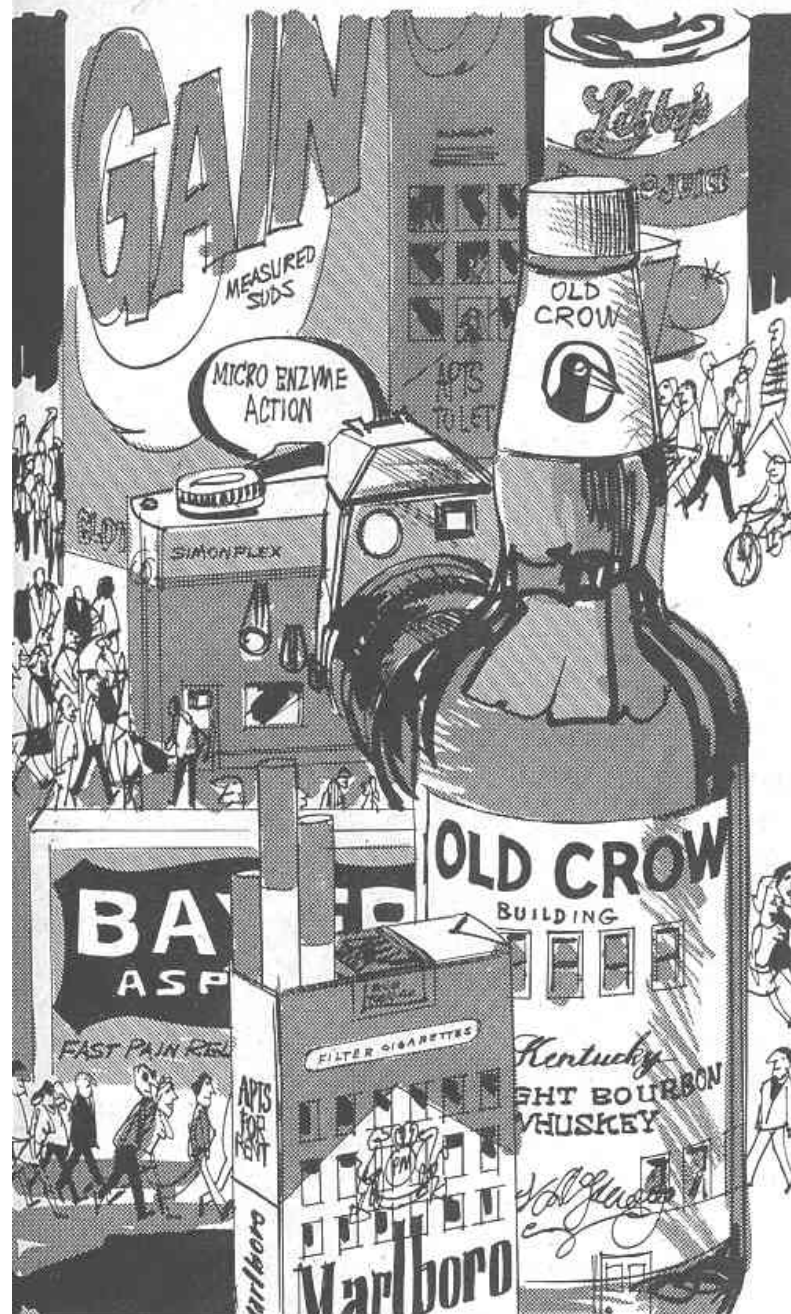
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR DOGS

Dogs mess up the streets even more than litterbugs. That's better than messing up a house, right? A dog should have his place in the city. That place should consist of nothing but trees and fire hydrants. The trees would be fertilized and the hydrants could be turned on periodically to wash away the awful smell.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PEDESTRIANS

Narrow one-lane roads and enormous sidewalks would make a walk in the city safe because traffic would constantly be at a complete stop.



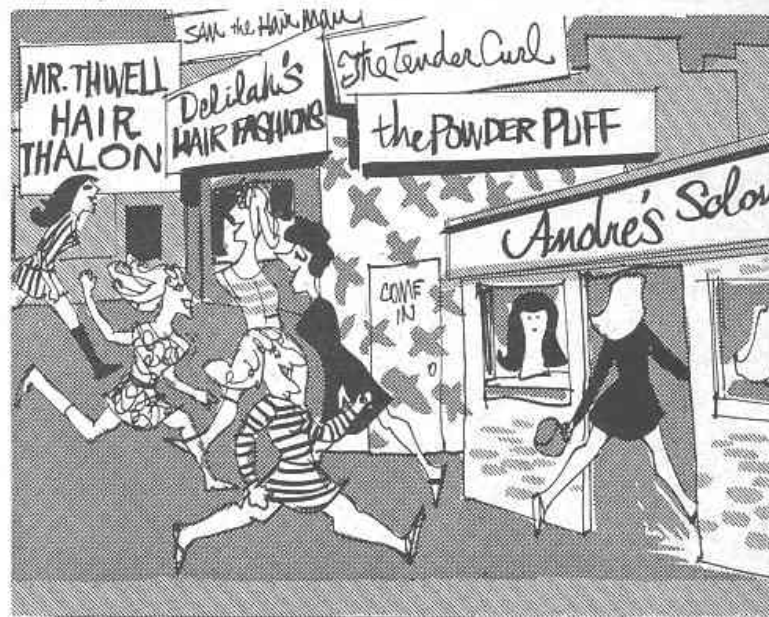
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR TV COMPANIES

Let the television sponsors louse up their own neighborhood as well as the airwaves.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR MILITANTS

The Black Panthers want their own country. Maybe they'll be satisfied with their own neighborhood.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PHYLLIS DILLER

Phyllis should be isolated in this section employing hundreds of beauty parlor operators.



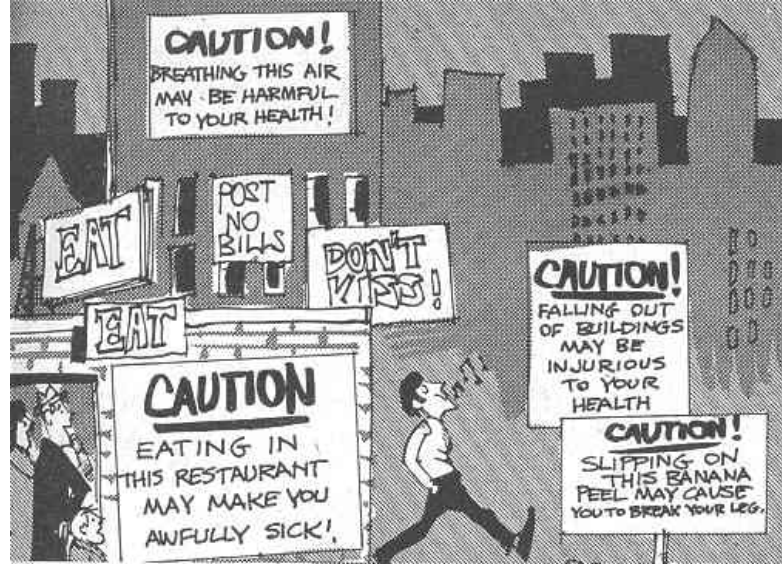
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR CATS

Formerly the neighborhood for rats, this section would also be the city dumps.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR FRANK SINATRA

Sinatra wants to leave the city. We think the city should leave Sinatra. Move his area into the country, that way we'll also get rid of a bunch of stupid chicks.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR INSURANCE COMPANIES

The safest place in town, except for the damage to your eyes from reading all the caution signs.



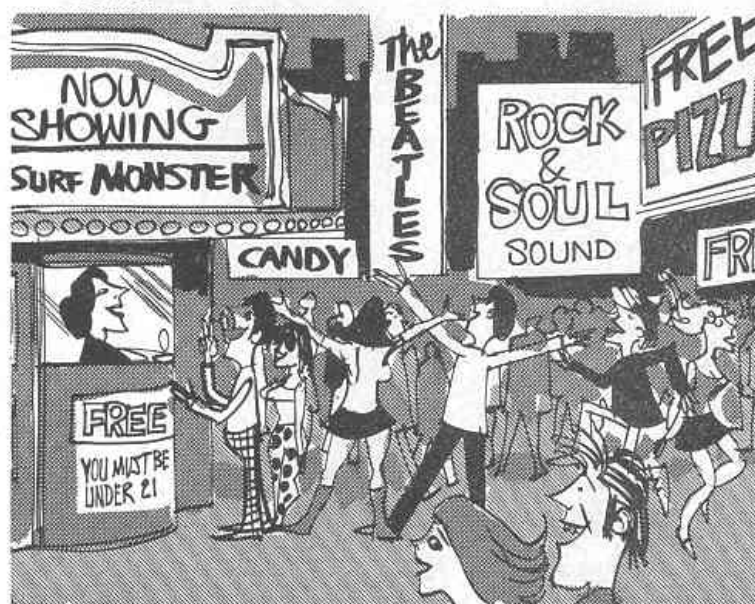
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR JACKIE GLEASON

Fat people should have a whole neighborhood to themselves.



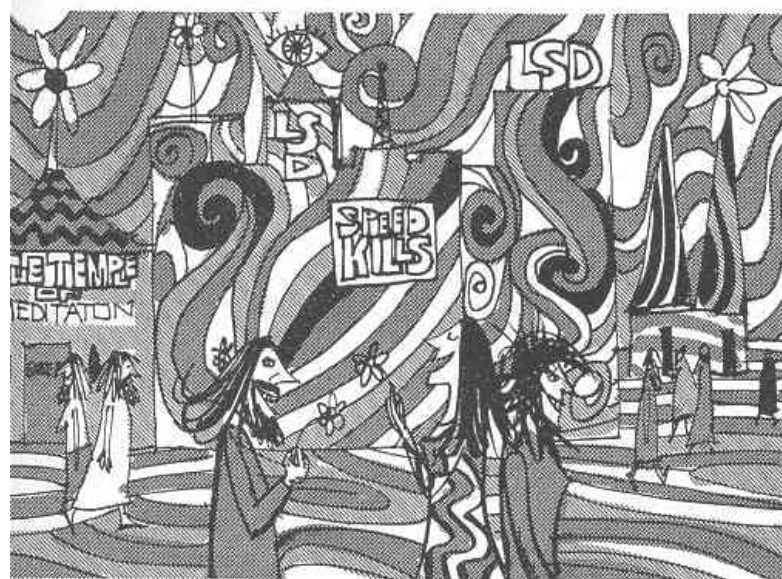
A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR PROTESTERS

Let the protesters protest to one another and get off our backs.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR TEENAGERS

Nothing but gum machines, candy stores, movie theatres and pizzerias.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR HIPPIES

The most colorful neighborhood in town, if you can stand the aroma.



A NEIGHBORHOOD FOR US

We've got to hide out somewhere, after articles like this.

LITERATURE

It's higher education time again, folks. The original idea was to revive the pastime of joke-telling on the college campus, to keep the kids from acting up. The way things are working out, if it cools

the teachers, we will have accomplished our goal. Anyway, our series of classic college jokes and stories have been received with such compassion by all, that we're going to do it again...

The Ensicklopedia of CLASSIC COLLEGE STORIES

by Al Kaufman

THE WATCH



The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally, he took the back of it off, looked into the works and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

PERFORMER



A man took his talented dog into a producer's office and put it through a long routine of monologues, telling jokes and singing musical comedy numbers.

"Pretty good," said the producer after it was all over. "Let's see her legs."

DRACULA'S BABY



Mrs. Dracula was having a baby, and Dracula was pacing the hall as nervously and as eagerly as any father. The nurse came in and handed him a little bundle.



"There you are, Mr. Dracula, a fine big baby boy," said the nurse. "You can take him home now."

"No, no," said Dracula, "I'll eat him here."

FRAT HOUSE



Two prospective pledges were invited to spend the night at a fraternity house and were ushered into the "guest room." "You'll find this room very comfortable," the frat brother assured them, "it has a feather bed."



At two in the morning, one of the guests awoke his companion.

"Change places with me, Charlie," he groaned, "it's my turn to be on the feather."

THE WINNER



"I won a prize in kindergarten today," boasted little Mary. "The teacher asked me how many legs a cow has and I said three."

"Three legs!" exclaimed her mother. "How could you have won the prize?"

"I came the nearest."

THE MOVIE



A theatre usher was astonished to see a big, brown bear sitting in the front row munching popcorn.

"Hey, you," he shouted, "you're a bear. What are you doing here?"

"Why, I enjoyed the book so much," replied the bear, "I thought I'd like to see the picture."

THE FUEHRER



During the early years of World War Two, Adolph Hitler, in an effort to establish himself as a great warrior, decided to lead one of his armies into action.

"What shall I wear?" he asked his valet.



The valet replied: "Whenever Napoleon led his armies into action, he always wore a red suit. That way they could never tell if he had been wounded and was bleeding."

"Quick," the Fuehrer ordered, "go get my brown pants!"

LUNATIC



A guard from a lunatic asylum rushed up to a farmer as he was working in the field and gasped, "I'm searching for an escaped nut. Did he pass this way?"

"What did he look like," questioned the farmer.



"He's about 6 feet six, a very fat man weighing 35 pounds."

"That's impossible. How can that be?" asked the farmer.

"Don't be silly," snapped the guard. "I told you he was crazy."

THE SERGEANT



The sergeant called his platoon to attention. Then he said, "All college graduates fall out to my right."

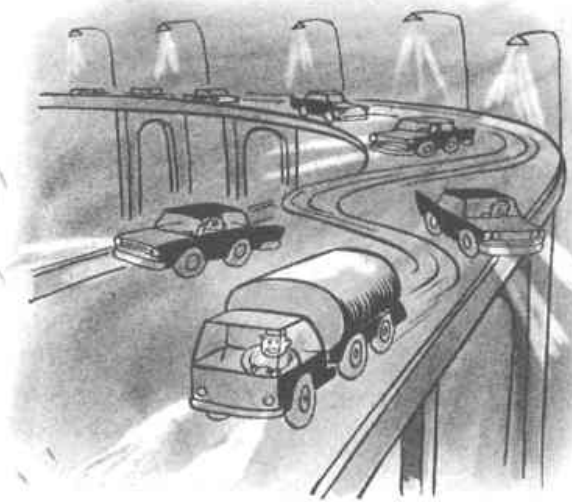


After he looked the balance of the platoon over he said, "High school graduates fall out to my left."

LITTLE RED TRUCK



Two men were flying west in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at Cleveland and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at St. Louis and again a little red truck sped out to it. The third stop was Las Vegas and the same thing happened.



One of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane makes wonderful time."

"Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad either."



Then, with a knowing smile he said, "The college graduates can police the area, pick up butts, sweep the walks. The high school graduates can scrub down the garbage cans."



Turning to what was left of the platoon, he said, "The rest of you men can stand around and learn something."

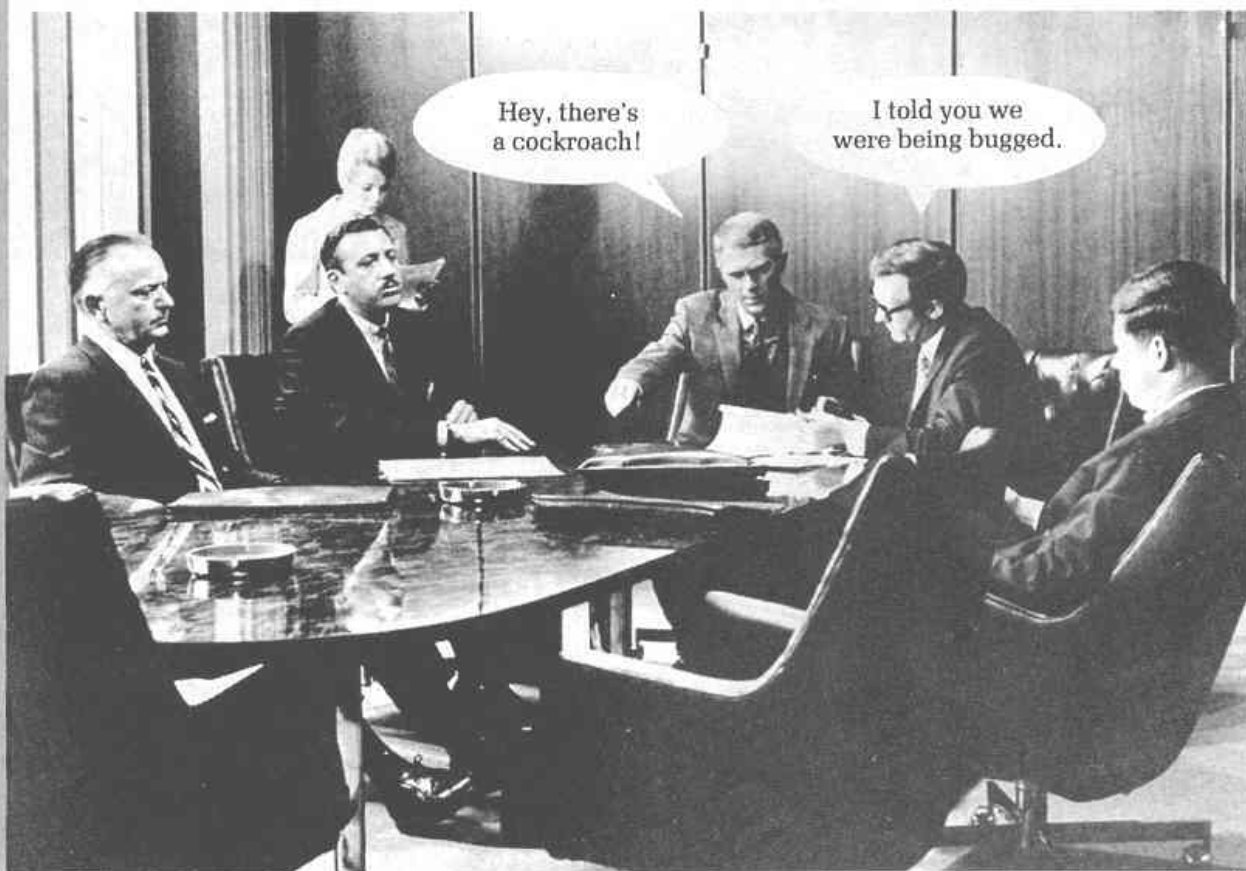
The Thomas Crown Affair

This DeLuxe Color film is considered escapist fare—both for the audience and the men who pull the hold-up of a bank in Boston. It's called *The Thomas Crown Affair* and it's Steve McQueen who wears the title crown.

Faye Dunaway, lips still smarting from *Bonnie and Clyde* and other smack-time hits, is up to her usual tricks in this one, getting off one of the longest kisses in screen history. There's even been talk that the kiss may be cut and used as a sequel.

One of the nicest, clean-cut gang of robbers you've ever seen is banded together here for the job which would wipe out the Boston Mercantile Bank. (Mercantile is an old financial word meaning "it's in the vault if you want it.")

by Bill Majeski



1—Steve McQueen is a bored Boston industrialist who figures life isn't dangerous enough. Since he is too far away from New York to get a thrill by walking through Central Park at night, he decides to mastermind a bank holdup. He decided on the bank after turning down a suggestion that he rob the local morgue. He said no because he didn't want to get knocked for a ghou.

2—Now here's what you call a swell bunch of typical American boys just lounging around in front of a bank. Who would ever suspect them of being robbers? They look like a bunch of businessmen waiting around for the bank to close so they can withdraw some money. Would you believe it's Raquel Welch behind those Foster Grants? These men are just going through their parts preliminary to the actual job. In fact, they are just on the Brinks of robbing the bank.

3—This scene has become standard fare everywhere. The police artist gets a description from the victims and sketches a likeness of the bandit. Then the bandit artist gets a description from the victims and sketches a likeness of the policeman. The two exchange pictures and very often this leads to romance. Or being apprehended. Recently a famous surrealist artist was robbed. He gave the police artist, another surrealist, the description. Within 10 minutes the police came back with a wheelbarrow, two fried eggs and a bunch of grapes.



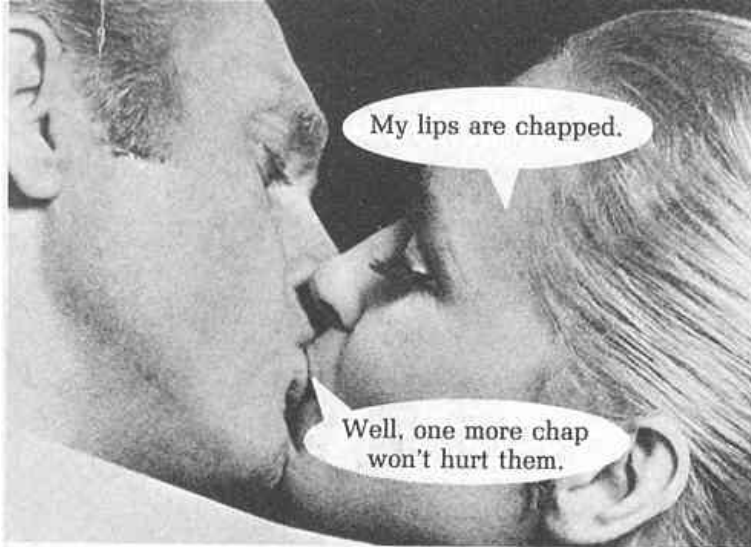
4—Now the wheels of justice start turning. One policeman in charge of law enforcement machinery has to get oiled every night to keep things turning smoothly. Faye Dunaway, (she's the one on the right) is an intrepid (pronounced shapely) insurance investigator who spends most of her time fighting off other agents who keep wanting to check her for damages. Faye is making a valiant comeback after Bonnie and Clyde, in which she was hit by 78 bullets. Somebody did a fantastic makeup job patching up all those holes.



5—Dunaway and Paul Burke are hot on the trail. They received a tipoff that it was done by a midget and are checking things out. It was rumored that the robbery was done by the same midget who was mugging short order cooks. He's the fellow who went berserk in the Playboy Club's dressing room and suffered serious squeeze injuries.



6—This is the much talked-about chess game. The scene was thrown in gratuitously by a chess fan when the action began to slow. Some critics said the game was replete with sexual and symbolic overtones. But who listens to ushers? Steve McQueen, about to play the queen, is wearing an expression left over by Robert Stack from an Untouchable segment. Faye Dunaway is not an untouchable. Although you can't see the gown from the front, it's called a chess player's special—one bad move and she's in big trouble.



7—If you think the chess game scene was much talked-about, you should catch this osculation scene. This was also talked about—by both participants. While the kiss was going on. This is probably the longest kiss in screen history. While it was going on seven ushers were arrested, nine popcorn machines were burned and 27 borderline mental cases viewing the film on Betterment Day in Boston ran pell-mell through the screen. It was their way of celebrating Good Citizenship Week by trying to get involved.

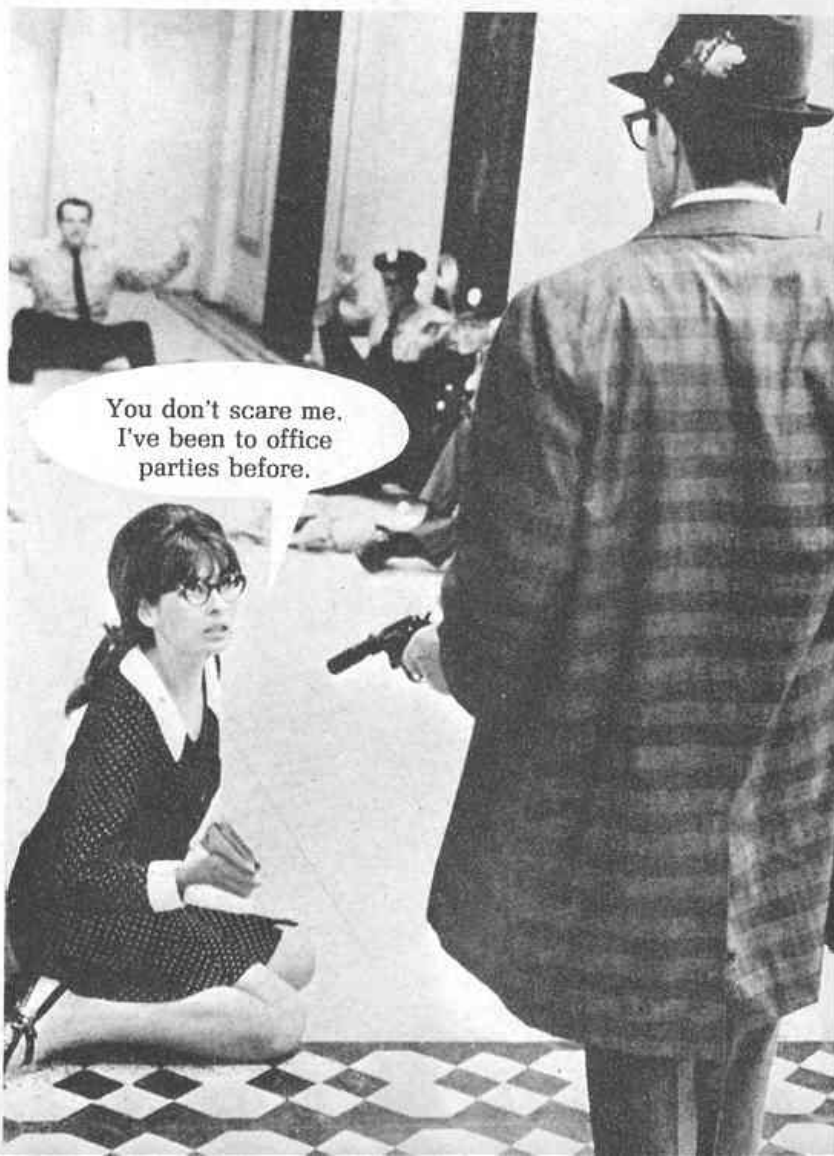


9—Well, we told you it was a long kiss. But then you always have a long wait at the bus stop. McQueen is using the over-lip technique taught to him by a one-lipped gigolo who used to siphon gas from parked cars. Dunaway employs the more standard Casual Open Gap style in favor among short socialites and drive-in waitresses. Both contestants were given combat pay for this part of the film.

10—Well, you'd think that after all that chess playing and kissing a guy would give up robbing banks and go straight—straight for Faye Dunaway. But not McQueen, who's still bored. But we understand he gets bored robbing banks and takes up being a bored industrialist once again. In fact, he is so successful he is named Chairman of the Bored, which takes up lots of people—audiences throughout the country.



8—And so the kiss continues, but not without its harmful effects. After the scene Dunaway's lips were sent to summer camp for rest and rehabilitation, while McQueen's were placed on the critical list at the Manhattan Eye, Ear, Nose and Lip Hospital. In theaters throughout the country while this scene was going on, collections were taken up and contributions sent to the New Jersey Home for the Easily Stimulated whose residents are mainly theater managers.



MORE MOVIES

Crime hits a new high (or a new low) depending on which side of the law you're on, as Frank Sinatra leaves the gambling casinos of Las Vegas to play a real out-of-character role—a cop; a straight role with no singing, except

for the stool pigeons. This picture pulls no punches—leaving Frankie with **four** front teeth missing this time. The story line is in the neo-realistic tradition, dealing with theft, murder, sex and depravity—it's about a boy and his dog.

The Defective

Script by Fred Wolfe Art by The Professor

The story opens in the "consultation room" of the 39th Precinct, where Lieutenant Frankie Baby is advising a law breaker of his constitutional rights.

All right, you crumb, come across, or I'll break every bone in your constitution!

Okay! Okay! I'll sing!

Oh, no, you don't! You'll buy! I'm looking for customers, not competition!

FRANKIE SWINGS AGAIN!

RING! DING! DING!

What's that? You've got a case? Scotch?

Come on, Dino, get off the line! I'm busy!

Desk? Put that other call through.

Hello, Lieutenant? This is the chief. I've got a sensational case for you, but you've got to crack it in 24 hours.

What happens after 24 hours?

My option runs out. Listen, Lieutenant, this is a murder case. This guy, Bruce Strangeways, was shot, beaten, poisoned and strangled—all on different nights.

Hmm. I wonder if he had any enemies?

Chief? Have we got any leads?

Yeah, the coroner says that all the other rough stuff was a smokescreen; microscopic examination reveals that Strangeways was actually stabbed to death by a pansy. So go to some of their haunts and see if you can roust out the killer.

By the way, Frankie, your wife called to make a date.



With me?

No, with me!

That's my wife!

50
BREATHTAKING
VIEWS
OF
AVA

You'll go far in the department! Good luck, kid, and don't take any wooden suspects!

Frankie Baby goes to the "Gay Blade," a Greenwich Village club, chock full of guys who all have switched, rather than fight in Vietnam.

GAY
BLADE

NEXT WEEK

DELEGATES
WELCOME

YOO-HOO!

NO
50

TINY TIM

Hi, Frankie Baby!

Say, Frank, who's that wild broad?

That's my wife. She's got this problem.

She's got a problem? Frankie, don't you mind her going out with other men?

Why should I? She always keeps Fridays open. Okay, Clancy, let's speak to the bartender, Mabel, maybe she/he knows something.

You want the Staten Island Ferry?—
Speaking, sweetie!

Sorry, there are two darling boys coming, I'll have to cut you off.

Did you hear that, Clancy? "Cut you off," he said! We've found our stabber!

Back at headquarters, Frankie decides to use psychological torture, in order to extract a confession from the bartender, Mabel Froot.

BLAM BLAM

UGH!
(BAD BREATH!)

Okay, Froot, either you talk or we take away your sequined Tee-shirt!

Oh, fudge!

All right, Froot, you're a hard customer to crack. I guess I'll have to use the ultimate weapon. Clancy, bring in my wife!

All right, honey—Sock it to him!

Ichh! Stop! This is police brutality! All right, already, I'll confess! Only take her away!

Okay, Froot, why did you do it? Why did you stab Strangeways?

Wow! What a motive! Mabel Froot, I arrest you for the brutal murder of Bruce Strangeways, and may M.G.M. have mercy on your soul!

What is it?

CRIME CHART

Would you believe he crushed the tulips that Tiny Tim tip-toed through?

May I have a last request?

I think I'd like my cell done in cerise!

There, I've finally got what I always wanted—law, order, justice, and most important of all—a promotion!

A truckdriver? But I thought the coroner said Strangeways was stabbed by a pansy?

He was—with a plastic pansy fountain-pen! They had a fight over a new hauling contract and this guy stabbed Strangeways—right on the dotted line!

So we fried the wrong guy? Oh, well, that's show-biz!

“With the exception of poor Mabel, here it was a very good year!”

Frankie Baby, the joke's on us. Froot is innocent! This truckdriver did it.

"I have only one vice and his name is Spiro"—Richard Nixon

All The News
That Fits, We Print

SICKNIFICANT

LESS CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER PAPER
IN AMERICA

FINAL EDITION

WEATHER
Yes

NEWS OF THE WEAK

Vol. 1 No. 1

New York, N.Y. 10017,

December 32nd, 1969

NEWS ITEM:

Buxom computer operator on Wall Street measuring 43 inches, causes fantastic uproar simply by walking past thousands of financial area workers on her lunch hour wearing a yellow sweater. Her uncle has taken over as representative to capitalize on the publicity.

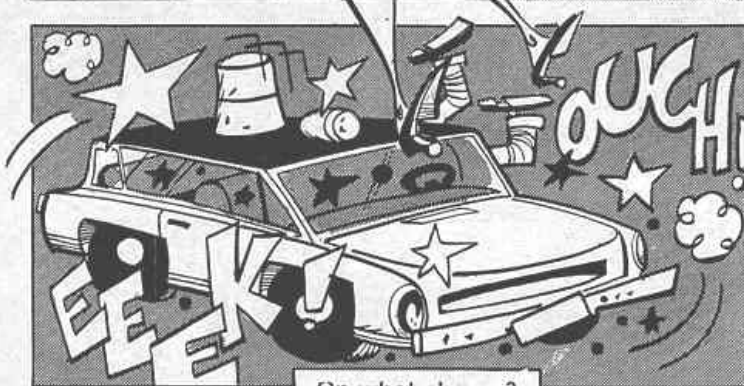


Script by Bill Majeski

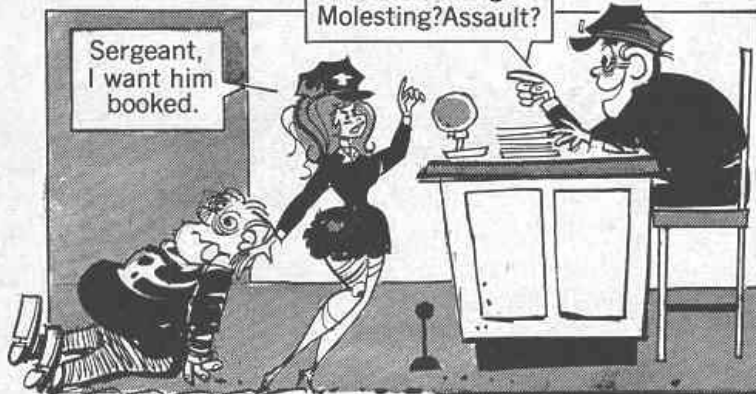
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE... Commit Your Crime Out-of-Town!

NEWS ITEM:

New Orleans—Policemen's wives are up in arms because of a new order which requires policemen to ride on patrol in their cars with a policewoman.



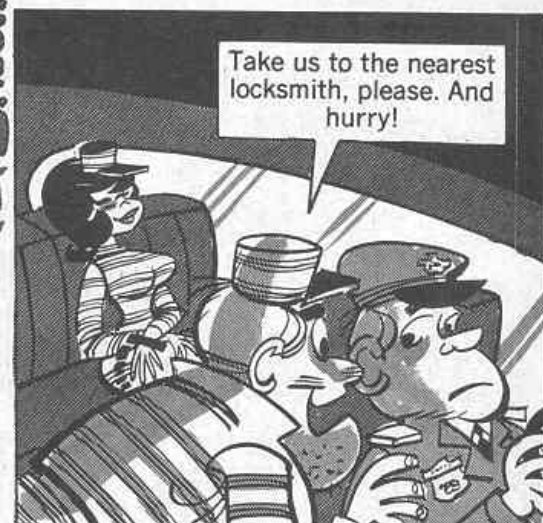
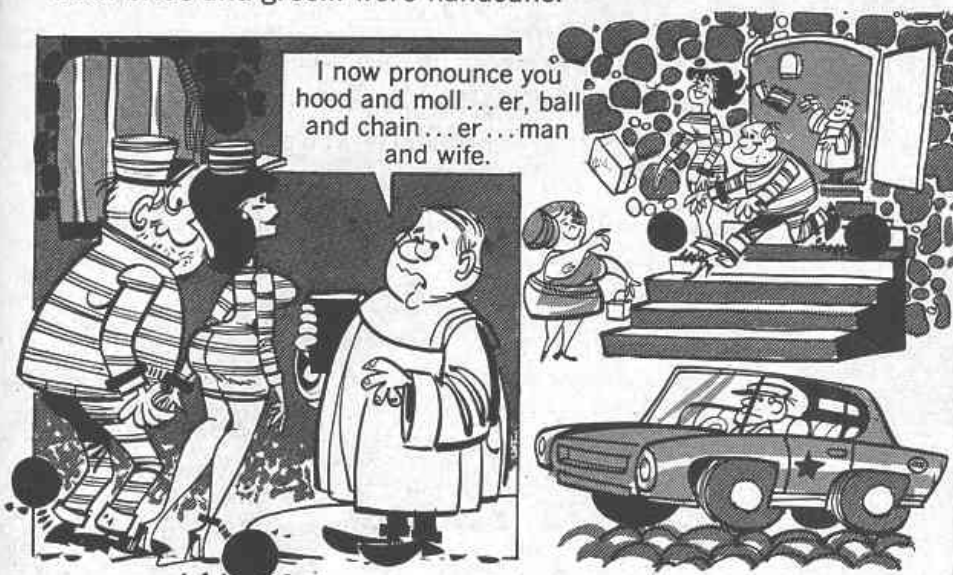
On what charge?
Molesting? Assault?



Art by Bill Kresse

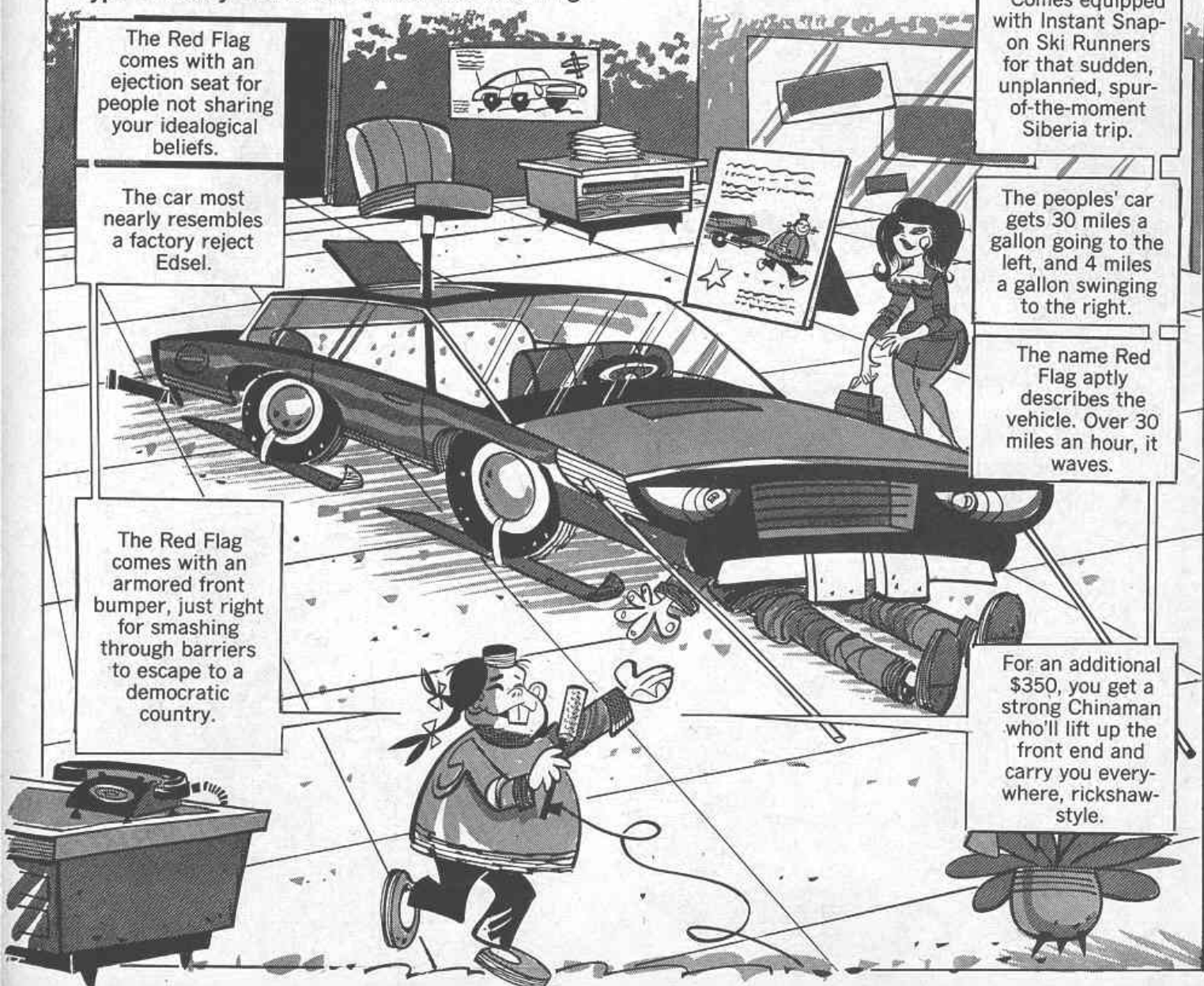
NEWS ITEM:

Rock Island, Ill.—Two inmates of the county jail here were married today. Both bride and groom wore handcuffs.



NEWS ITEM:

The Chinese Communists have invented a new-type of family automobile called the Red Flag.



NEWS ITEM: NEW YORK POLICE EXTEND FRIENDLY HAND

In an effort to make visitors feel more at home when they drop in to pay a visit, the desks at several New York City Precinct houses have been lowered in height. Instead of being filled with awe and fear that may come from looking up at an imposing figure behind a high desk, the visitors—and defendants—may now look down at the desk officer and, should the mood arise, be in good position to hit him with a stick. It's all part of the new police program to make each station a home-away-from-home.

Hello, sir. Welcome to the 68th Street Precinct House. I'm Sergeant Blass, your emotional guidance consultant and I've never met a prisoner I didn't like. Shake hands.

It alarmed me, man in blue.

Oh, I'm sorry. I suppose that was rather a sudden move.

Besides, my faux pas, is everything else all right?

The music's too loud. And I hate Montavani

Hennessy! Turn down the Muzak.

I'm not much for Montavani either. If you don't mind, I'd like to have your name. Just in case someone asks.

Harry Hood.

And what brings you to visit our humble precinct?

Well, it has to do with this blood-spattered jacket I'm wearing.

Yes, I noticed that. Thought maybe you had killed a turkey or something. Ha-ha-ha.

I did. Turkey Thompson, the bookie.

Did it with my Boy Scout hatchet. Carved him into 248 pieces.

Wow, 248!? That sounds like a new record. Oh, there I go again. I've been having so much trouble with my teeth lately. Prisoners keep belting me in the mouth.

You serve any food around this place?

Of course, we do. What kind of station house do you think this is? Officer, seat our visitor over there right between Mad Dog Benson and that young up-and-coming extortionist.

Everything on the menu is a dollar-fifty. Drinks, sandwiches, everything.

What do you recommend?



I've always had good luck with the turkey.

I'm sick of Turkey.

Oh yes, I remember, 248 pieces.

This is Doris our bunny captain!

I don't like redheads.

Hennessy, bring in Dixie. She's a blonde from the deep South. Great accent. You'll love her.



Please, Harry, none of that. Our bunnies aren't allowed to date patrons. Tell you what though, we'll call ahead and see if we can arrange a nice room for you at the prison. Something facing the YWCA.

Sounds fine. You know, I'm pretty tired. Especially my pitching arm. I'm hatchet-weary.



There, there. It's been a long day. Lie down here.

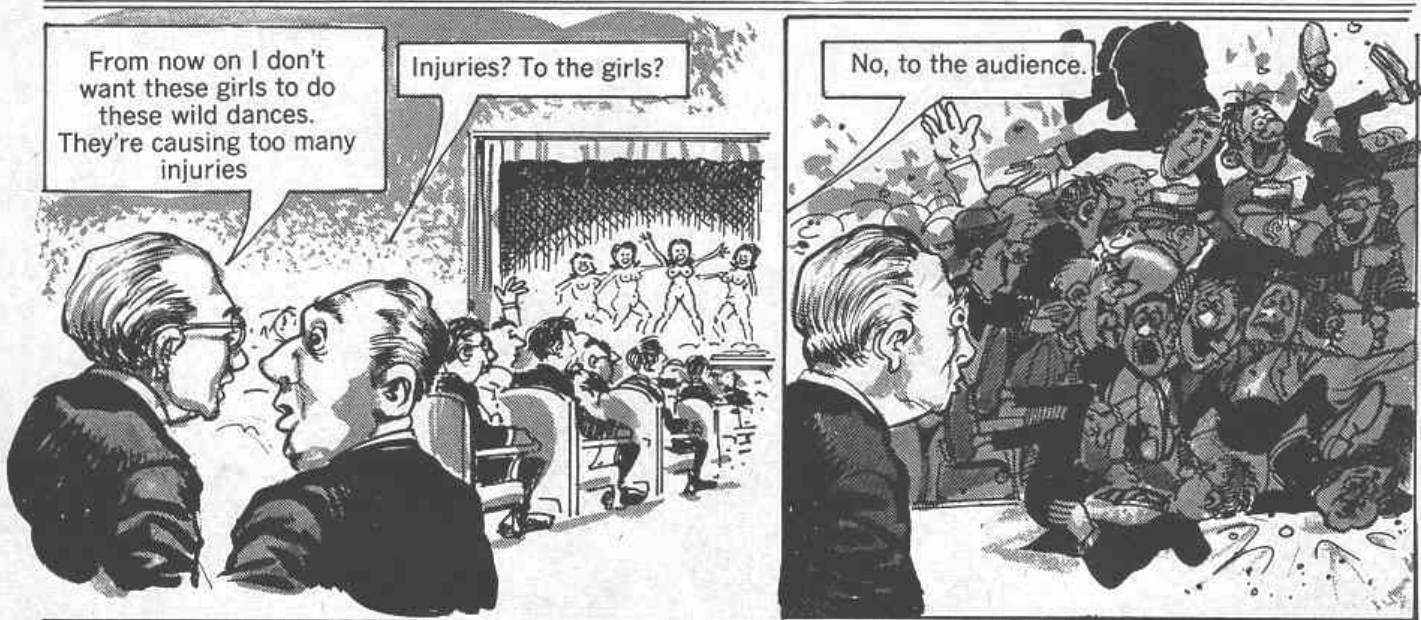
What??? Well, okay. Hennessy, give me a B flat, please.

... AND GOOD NIGHT ...



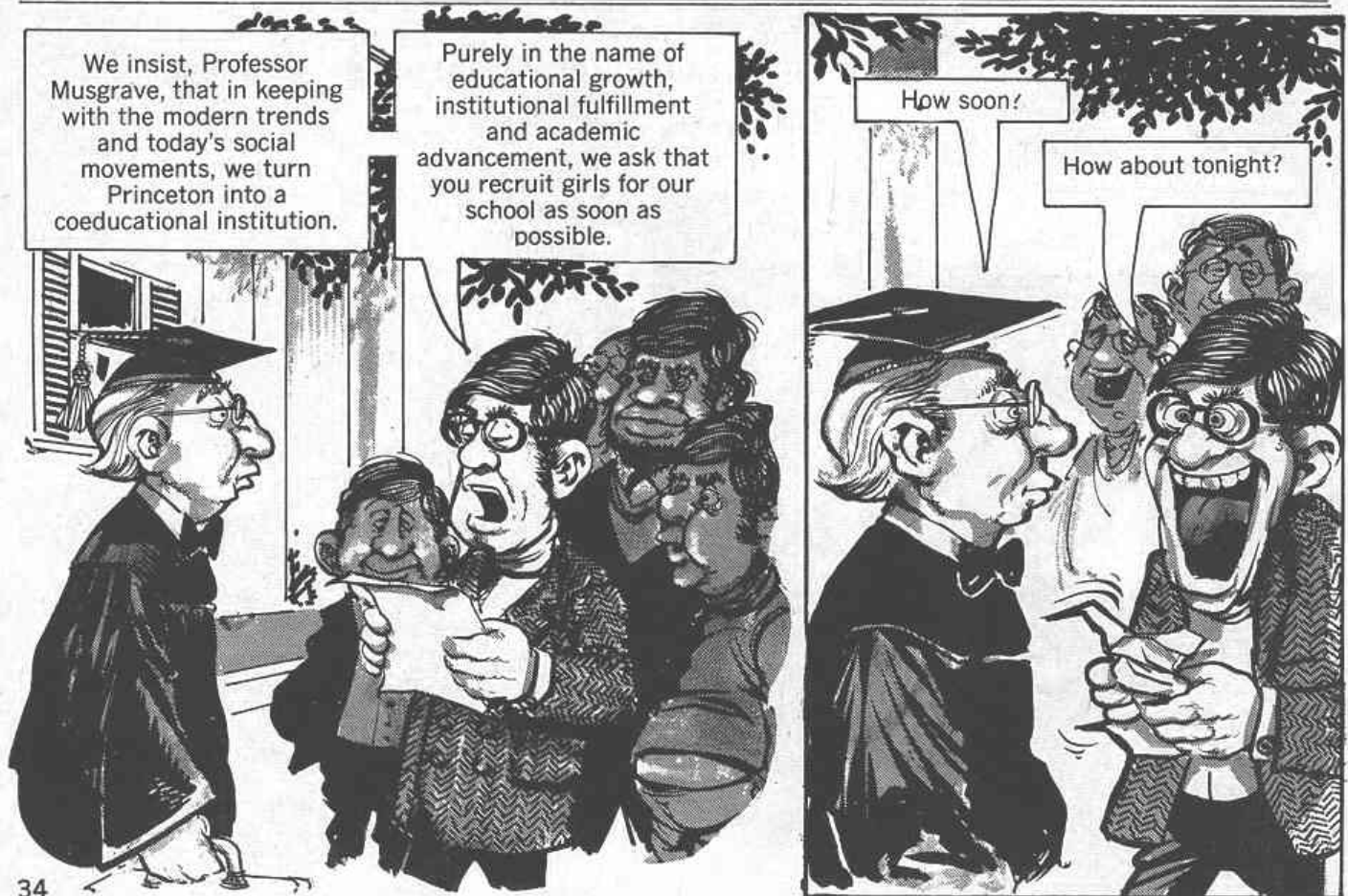
NEWS ITEM:

An African dance troupe featuring topless dancers has been ordered to stop the girls from doing the vigorous dances which are resulting in "pain, discomfort and injuries" to the young topless dancers.



NEWS ITEM:

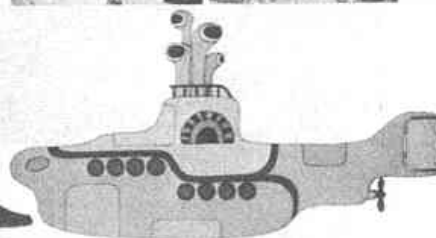
A group of students at all-male Princeton University has demanded that the school be converted into a coeducational institution "as soon as possible."



EVERYBODY'S READING...

The Official Beatles Yellow Submarine Magazine

60c
MAG



"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE BEATLES"

THE BEATLES—YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

32-PAGE COLOR EDITION OF THE BEATLES CARTOON FILM YELLOW SUBMARINE
PLUS 32 PAGES OF ARTICLES AND EXCLUSIVE BEATLES PHOTOGRAPHS

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, United States Code).

1. DATE OF FILING: OCT. 1, 1968. 2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: "SICK" MAGAZINE. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: 8 regular issues per year and 2 annuals. 4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. 5. LOCATION OF THE HEAD-QUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (not printers): 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

6. NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR. PUBLISHER: HEWFRED PUBLICATIONS, INC., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. EDITOR: Philip Hirsch, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. MANAGING EDITOR: None.

7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)

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Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 288,718. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 310,325. B. PAID CIRCULATION - 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 280,718. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 307,110. 2. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 185. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 400. C. TOTAL PAID CIRCULATION. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 280,903. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 307,510. D. FREE DISTRIBUTION (including samples) BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 125. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 000. E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D). Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 281,028. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 307,510. F. OFFICE USE, LEFT-OVER, UN-ACCOUNTED, SPOILED AFTER PRINTING. Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 7,690. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 2,815. G. TOTAL (Sum of E and F—should equal net press run shown in A). Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: 288,718. Single Issue Nearest to Filing Date: 310,325.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner) (S) Alfred R. Plaine

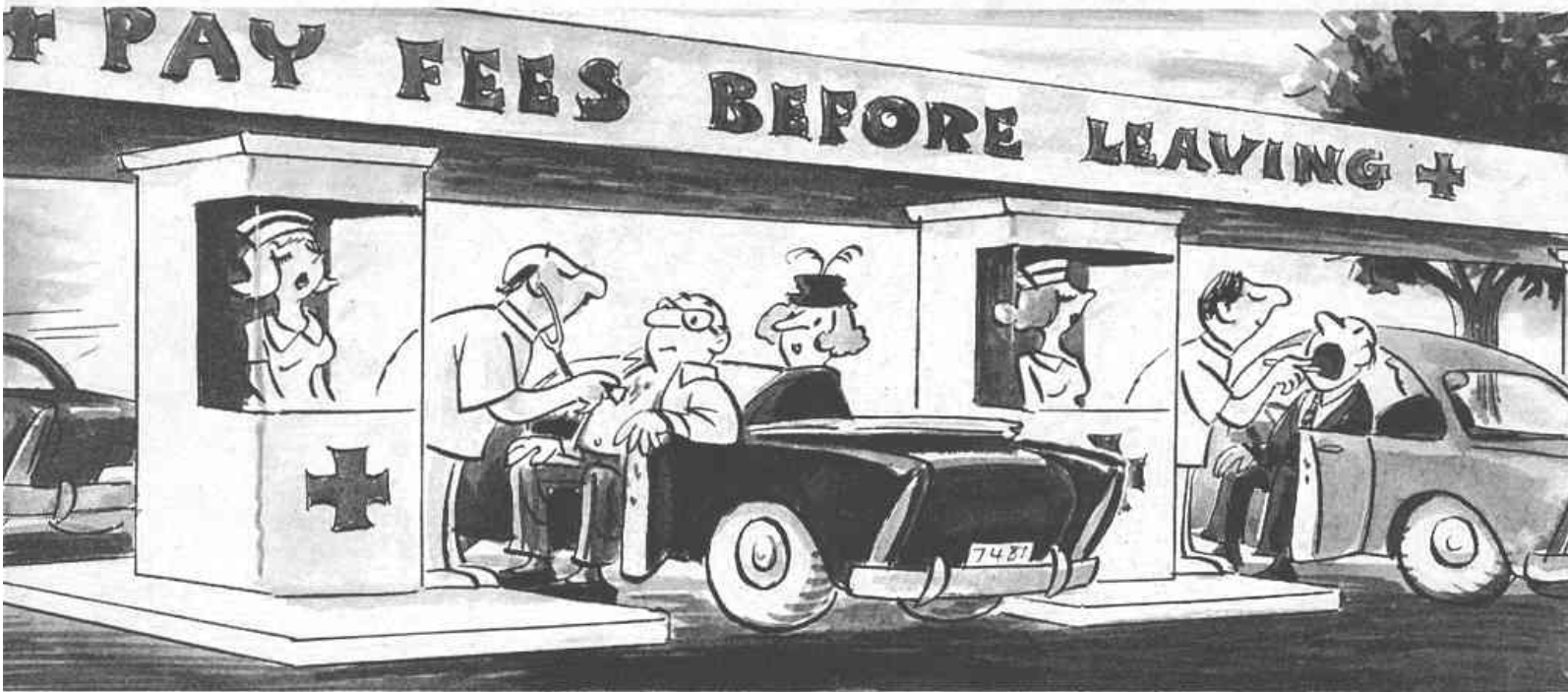
In our last issue SICK exposed the shocking conditions in hospitals today. As a result, we received a lot of letters. Many were from hospitals, exposing the shocking conditions in SICK. But the majority were from our readers who complained that we didn't offer any constructive criticism. They felt we should do something positive about it.

And so, in this issue, we're attempting something positive. We're offering suggestions on things that hospitals can come up with in the future; things that will improve existing conditions; things that will make them better places in which to recuperate; and mainly, things that will fill up two more pages on this sickening topic, as SICK presents...

FUTURE ADVANCES IN MEDICINE

Art by B. Wiseman

Script by Paul Laikin



DRIVE-IN HOSPITALS



RUSSES FOR HERNIAS



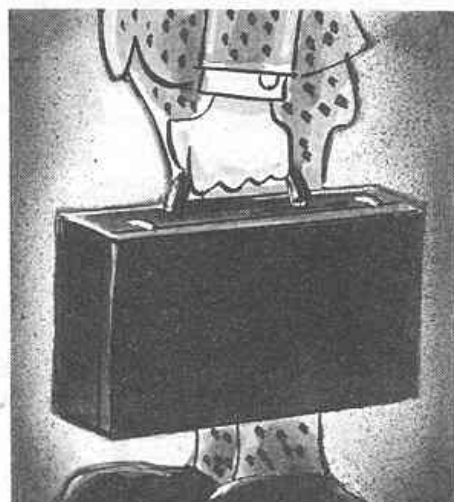
ORAL ENEMAS



SPORTS-CAR AMBULANCES



CHICKEN SOUP THAT CONTAINS PENICILLIN



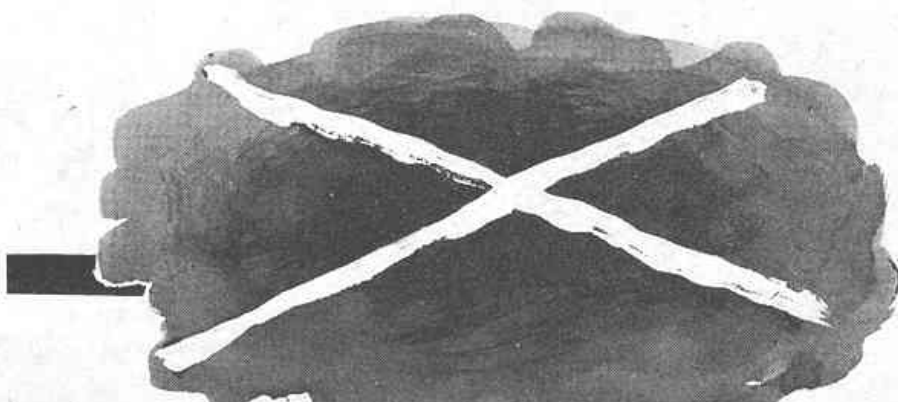
DOCTORS' LITTLE BLACK
ATTACHE CASES



NEHRU STRAIT-JACKETS



MORE FIGHTING OVER MEDICAIRE



NO MORE ARTICLES LIKE THIS

Resident Hater, Charles Rodrigues once more takes pen in hand to vent his frustrations on our sick society. "People are ridiculous," Charles comments, "last week I threw my cigar away in the street and a bum picked it up and gave it back to me, mumbling 'you mind taking another puff on this cigar, I'm trying to cut down.'"

Charlie is against open housing—"every house must have a roof," he asserts. Despite his undeniable talent, great art masterpieces hold little favor in his tastes. "All I can say about Venus De Milo," says Charles, "she didn't have to worry about underarm perspiration." This is—



"Okay, Sylvester, peel some rubber!"

The Poisoned Pen of *Rodrigues*



"Are you gentlemen sure you have the correct office?
The Congressman is not from a lumbering district . . ."



"...And then one day I came home and found a note on the living room table... 'Joe,' it said, 'the children and I are going away forever'..."



"Oh, no you don't! You're not abandoning that car in my place!"



"Get him, Oscar, get him!"



The airlines are conducting a massive advertising campaign extolling the glories of their new second-class accommodations. But with the overcrowding of the nation's airlines, the shortage of jetports, competition from unscheduled airlines, strikes and hijacking, what does the future really hold for slogans like

art by Don Orehek script by Fred Wolfe

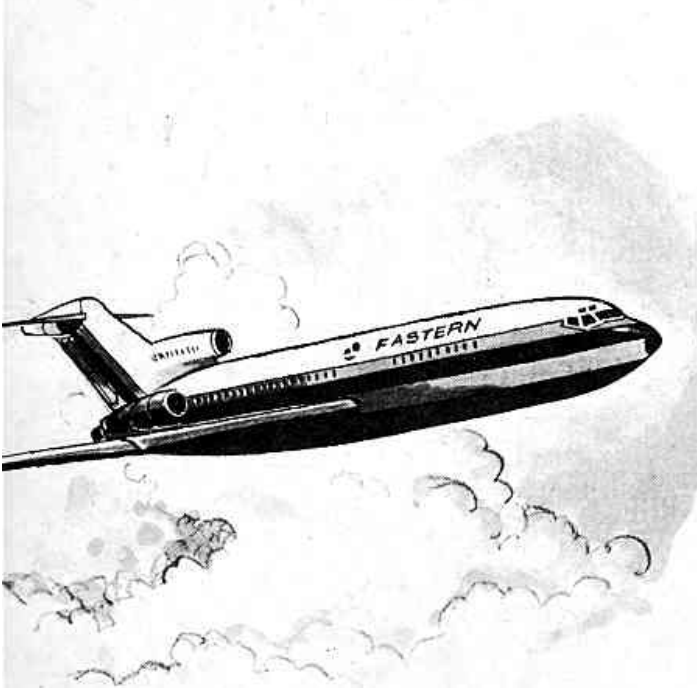
"SUPERB

WHAT THE ADS SAY

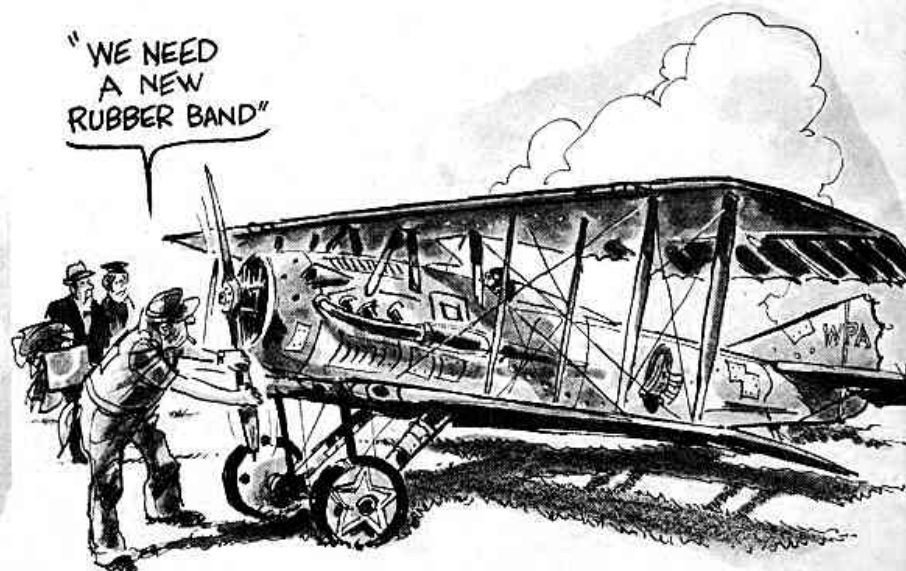
LIKE IT REALLY IS



"HIGHLY COMPETENT PILOTS"



"SLEEK, MODERN PLANES"



WHAT THE AIRLINE ADS WON'T SHOW US ABOUT ECONOMY FLIGHTS "SECOND CLASS"

WHAT THE ADS SAY



"SCRUMPTIOUS GOURMET FOODS"

LIKE IT REALLY IS



"MODERN RESTROOMS"



WHAT THE ADS SAY



"SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR THE TRAVELING STUDENT"

LIKE IT REALLY IS



"SAFETY-CONSCIOUS MECHANICS"

GREETINGS from
Big Al
Scarplotti
 Your Neighborhood Connection
 (you name it . . . we'll get it!)



Corner
BOOK SHOPPE
1001 BOOKS
 (the kind teenage boys like)
 OBSCENE PICTURES
 IN THE REAR
 (the kind teenage girls like)



Arty
MOVIE THEATRE
 Corner Mann & Broad
 NO ONE UNDER 18 EVER ADMITTED
 UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY
 THE ADMISSION PRICE



JOE'S GARAGE
WE FIX TEENAGE WRECKS
 (we also repair cars)
 (see us before you report the damage to the Police)



THANK YOU TEENAGERS
 FOR MAKING ALL THIS POSSIBLE
 24 Hour Service
 Bell Telephone Company



SHARKY'S
POOL ROOM
 Your Home Away From Home



LUM FONG'S CHINESE
Hand LAUNDRY
 We Wash Chinese Hands
 SAME DAY SERVICE
 Bring your laundry in on Monday, pick it up the same day—on a Monday. Three months later!



LEO'S
LUNCHEONETTE
 Where The Kids Hang Out
 In Front
 (formerly a Girdle Shop)
 We Serve Crabs—Everybody Welcome



BERNARD EAGER—A rugged individual, on his wrist he has a tattoo of his chest. He is the only student who has terminal acne. A known girl-hater, he plans to join the Navy as a Frogman. This is so that when girls kiss him they'll get warts.



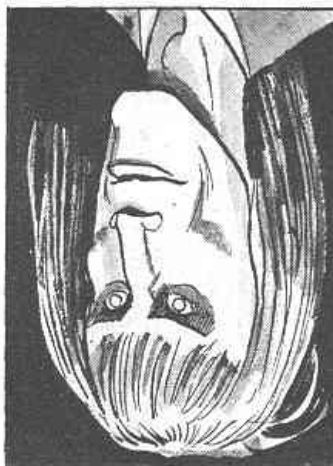
OSWALD GROVIS—This term he was caught smoking in the bathroom. Not a cigarette—he set himself on fire. This was a protest against the war in Australia. True, there isn't any war in Australia but that's what he was protesting against.



STANLEY O'SLOB—Big man on campus, he was recently arrested for impairing the morals of a teacher. Worse part, it was the Gym Teacher. On a recent party raid on the girl's dormitory, he brought back one with the girl still in it.



MURRAY FINSTER—A very ambitious student, he was the first in the Machine Shop to make a zip-gun. After graduation he hopes to make a fortune selling dirty American postcards to visiting French tourists. He will most likely go down in history—as well as every other subject.



SHIRLEY HOTCHKISS—Failed in everything but Geography. This is because she didn't take Geography. Not too bright, she recently tried to commit suicide by slashing her wrists. Only she used an electric razor. She plans to become a top-less waitress at an Automat.



BARBARA PURGE—This is the girl who walked off with all the school's medals this year. Only they caught her and made her put them back. After graduation, she hopes to get married to a Gypsy and open up a chain of empty stores.



SIDNEY VERNICK—An incorrigible delinquent, he's been in the Principal's office so many times they now leave the side door open for him. What's more, he has brought his mother to school so many times, she wound up getting a diploma.



IRVING WETHERBY—Fresh from his job as Garage Monitor, he hopes to eventually clean up on Wall Street. He is also trying to get the rice concession at all Zsa Zsa Gabor weddings. He'll probably make his first million before he's twenty—if he lives that long.



SHELDON SNODGRASS—Famous for throwing a stink bomb in the school cafeteria. Only nobody knew about it till after the meal. A crossword puzzle addict, when he dies he wants to be buried six down, three across. Hopes to be a Night Watchman in a Day Camp.



T.R. ZILCH—Has the longest hair of any student. It starts at the top of the head and goes all the way down the back. Which is remarkable considering this is a boy. He was the only one ever drummed out of the Boy Scouts on a Section Eight.



WHO'S WHOM IN THE GRADUATING CLASS



CLYDE LOOMIS—One of the brightest students in the class, he has brains he hasn't even used yet. This Fall he hopes to take physics at Yale and then medicine at Harvard. And if he still doesn't feel well he will go see a doctor.



LESTER KLIMMINE—A real weirdo, he was caught dipping pig tails in an ink-well. Not a girl's hair—real pig tails. His ambition is to become a social director on a tugboat. If that doesn't work out, he plans to lock himself in the ladies' room of the YWCA.



MARCIA MUDD—A gifted musician, she plays 8 musical instruments by ear. And by mouth she plays about a dozen more. After graduation her ambition is to become a piano player in a marching band. Either that, or become the world's first topless accordion player.



EUGENE NERNEX—This lad tried working his way thru school but he wasn't smart enough. He was fired from his job as an elevator operator because he couldn't remember the route. A New York boy, he plans to get into uniform overseas. He'll be an usher in Jersey City.

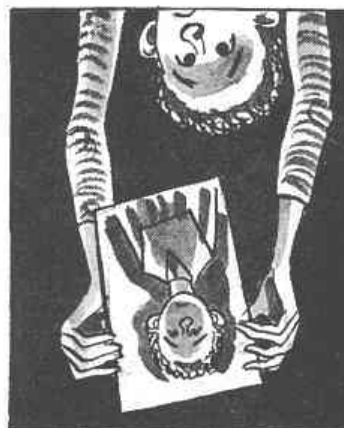


ARNOLD AARDVARK—Graduates at the head of his class. This is because he's the shortest. Actually he's a midget, but he lies about his height. A brilliant student, he plans to go to Harvard Medical School—where they will study him.



HERBERT CLOOMIS—Made news this semester when he became involved in an obscene phone call with the Principal's wife. And why the Principal's wife ever called him up we'll never know. He was expelled anyway. They caught him prying in back of the classroom.

SEYMOUR BLEED—One of the biggest protesters in the school, he recently led a march on Washington. This isn't too unusual except that he started from Florida. After graduation, he plans to attend the University of Mississippi and major in Riots.



RHODA DRIVEL—Majorored in French; member of the French Club; President of the French Society. Hopes to land a job at the U.N. as a Spanish interpreter. A sloppy dresser, she was recently picked up for indecent exposure while fully clothed.



CLASS VOTING

Jack Mazuma	MOST POPULAR KID IN SCHOOL
What's-His-Name	MOST UNPOPULAR KID IN SCHOOL
(the one with the pimples)	
Herman Stassen	BOY MOST LIKELY TO FAIL
Nona Click	GIRL MOST LIKELY TO FAIL
Hugh Betcha	TEACHER MOST LIKELY TO FAIL
Bruce Feeney	MOTHER OF THE YEAR
Leonard Blodgett	WEIRDEST BOY IN SCHOOL
Leonard Blodgett	WEIRDEST GIRL IN SCHOOL
Oleg Cabrini	BEST DRESSED BOY
Sophia Levine	BEST UNDRESSED GIRL
Sy Coe	ALL-AROUND INCORRIGIBLE
Tom Murdock	LONGEST HAIR IN SCHOOL
Sally Murdock	BIGGEST BEARD IN SCHOOL
Manny Poppins	CLASS JUNKIE
Howard Furd	CLASS PUSHER
Clay Pigeon	CLASS STOOLIE
Hans Crafty	BEST PROTEST SIGN MAKER
Allie Tosis	SMELLIEST KID IN SCHOOL
Gore Vital	BEST SELLER OF OBSCENE LITERATURE
Buddy Slasher	BEST KID WITH A KNIFE
Bernice Strange	ALL-AROUND GENERAL MUGGER
Sal Saliva	BEST SPITBALL MAKER
Wadda Stench	BEST STINK-BOMB THROWER
Saint Bernard	TEACHER'S PET
Sharky Smith	CLASS CONNECTION
The Late Paul Lalkin	WRITER OF THIS LIST

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
This is a completely new group of student musicians, 379 in all. They are also led by a new conductor, Mr. Arkadian. Last term's conductor, Mr. Philbin, went crazy trying to keep the group together after graduation.



MODERN DANCE GROUP

In this creative class, the members strip down to their tights and do group movements, each one of which tells a story. The story they're telling here is that they've just been arrested by the Vice Squad.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



BIOLOGY CLUB

The group here is shown busily dissecting frogs. This is something every high school student has done. The only difference here is that the frogs they're dissecting are alive.



DRAMA SOCIETY

Here the members are performing in a new modern play, which is the sequel to "Hair." A real avant-garde drama, the actors are fully clothed at all times. Only thing, the audience sits there naked.



HOME ECONOMICS LAB

The girls in this group learn how to be good cooks, good homemakers and primarily, good mothers. And all this is very important, considering that all of them are pregnant.



SCULPTURE CLASS

This year all the students worked together and carved a bust of their teacher out of a 250 lb. mold of chopped liver. All term long it was displayed in the auditorium until one day somebody ate it.

HERE WE SEE THE STRONG ALLIANCE BETWEEN A MASTER AND HIS PUPIL. Although some students are slow to respond, they usually make a stab at it. And the teachers generally get the point!



TYPICAL
FACULTY-STUDENT
RELATIONSHIP

HERE THE STUDENTS ENGAGE IN A TYPICAL DAY OF EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY. It's a fact that our students love their classrooms so much that many of them hate to ever leave!



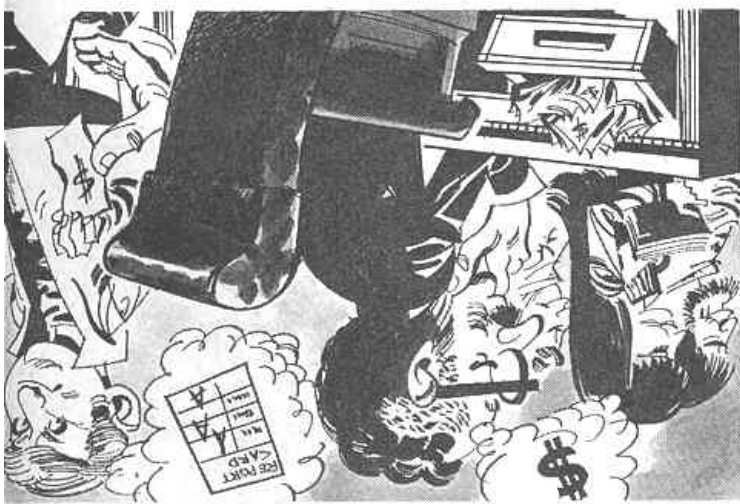
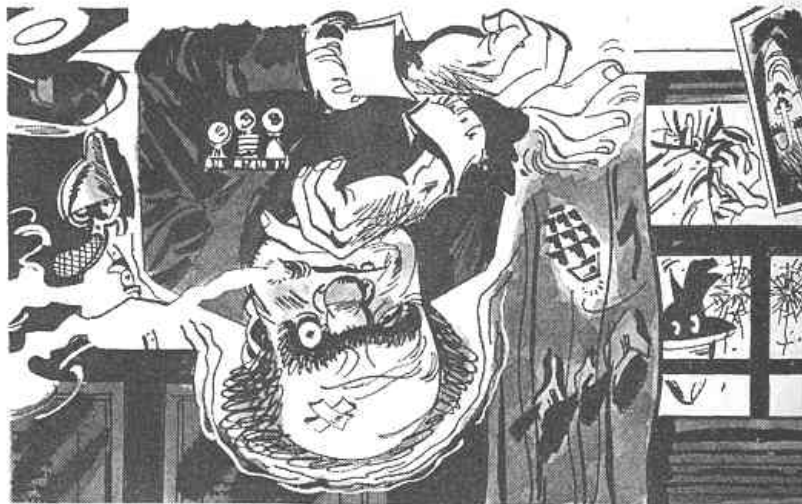
GENERAL
STUDENT
BODY

HERE THE TEACHERS ARE SEEN IN THEIR USUALLY FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS. Dedicated and idealistic, they will fight for their rights even when they have two strikes against them!



MEMBERS
OF
FACULTY

Administrative Staff



FACULTY HEAD

Ezra G. Lapfinger—Q.T., V.D., S.T.P., S.O.B. Dr. Lapfinger will always be remembered as the first teacher to ever throw a spitball at a student. A born leader, he was a two-letter man at Harvard. Then somebody told him about Lifebuoy. A year later he was sent abroad to study. But she couldn't teach him anything. This is when he came to our staff. And from the first day, the students all loved him. Mainly because he takes graft.



GRADE ADVISER

T. Vernon Smetena—R.X., P.U., J.B., R.S.V.P. Mr. Smetena advises students on everyday problems of modern school life. Like how to barricade yourself in a locker room; what to write on a protest sign; when to cry "Police Brutality!"; how to hold your teacher for ransom, and many other problems. Mr. Smetena is high on the students' popularity list. In his honor recently they gave him a 21-gun salute. Fortunately for Mr. Smetena however, they missed.

PRINCIPAL

Hiram P. Sturdley—B.S., M.S., T.S., L.S.D. Majored in strikes at Columbia. Took advanced courses in rioting at Berkeley. Did post-graduate work in how to carry off demonstrators at Vassar. In his last position as Principal, Dr. Sturdley successfully led the faculty in its final offensive attack against the students. However, he is a man who is respected by all three sides of campus life—the teachers, the students and the police.



ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

A. Sterling Ferdlip—A.B., C.D., E.F., G.H.I. Got the job mainly because he's a cousin to the School Superintendent. Not the man in charge of the system—the janitor in the basement. Mr. Ferdlip isn't even a licensed teacher. In fact, he was the only grade school dropout in history. His last job was working in a 5 and 10 cent store. Only he was fired because he couldn't remember the prices. Nevertheless, Mr. Ferdlip now holds an important position in our school. He's in charge of picket signs.

Orville Smedley was born in New York and went to public school in Chicago. And it was quite a trip, traveling back and forth just to go to public school. Despite this, he graduated with flying colors. Somebody threw a paint set at him. Always different, he was the only kid in the sixth grade who hated Abraham Lincoln.

Although quite personable, Orville is not too good-looking. In fact, he was voted the Ugliest Kid In School. In his album of baby pictures his family kept only the negatives. And on the group graduation picture, Orville's face was cropped. He just hasn't any luck. He once had a nose job and it grew back. Despite this, he is a good talker. With his face he has to be.

t Graduation Exercises, Or-

Aville will make the Commencement Address. He wrote the speech himself. In fact, Orville wants to become a professional writer. At the moment he is free-lancing by writing dirty remarks and selling them to kids who want to get on the Art Linkletter Show.

We salute you, Orville Smedley. And may the Bluebird of Happiness never rain on your parade . . .

Class Valedictorian

ORVILLE SMEDLEY

Smartest student in the school, he has an average of 101 (he answered one question the teacher didn't ask). A model student, he always has his nose buried in a book. This is because it's made out of tissue paper (the book, not his nose). Orville is the teacher's pet. She can't afford a dog.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Our school takes pride in its extra-curricular activities, both during and after class. Here a group of students are cramming for the big exam given by the Sex Education Department.



A Message to the Graduates

This has been a tough year. First the teachers went

on strike. Then the students went on strike. Finally the parents went on strike. Now, all this we were able to manage. But when the desks disappeared, this was too much! However, the worst part of it was the big riot at the beginning of the term. That was when they barricaded themselves in a classroom for three days and wouldn't come out. What makes it so terrible is that these were the teachers, not the students! All in all there were 87 demonstrations against the new policy of our school. And this was before the new school policy was ever announced!

Be that as it may, the way some of our students dressed was also cause for concern. One boy showed up in class wearing long hair all the way down to his navel. The weird part was that it wasn't from his head, but from his armpits! And the dresses on the girls have really gotten short. One teenager showed up wearing the shortest mini-skirt ever seen. No material, just a price tag!

Office it to say, it was very hard telling the difference between the boys and the girls this year. About the only way was to ask it a question. If he answered, it was a boy. If she answered, a girl. To show you how unsightly our students have become, this semester's Beauty Contest had to be canceled because there were no contestants.

And the conduct of these individuals was worse. It was Will Rogers who once said, "There is no such thing as a bad boy." Believe me, this is ridiculous. If you ask me, there is no such thing as Will Rogers. Our school is full of bad boys, more than you can shake a stick at. Only the Board of Education won't let us even shake a ruler at them. One young lad set fire to the school gym, kidnapped the Grade Adviser's daughter, and ran nude thru the Auditorium shouting "Apaches!" But they let him go. It was his first offense.

However, you the Graduating Class will soon be moving into greener pastures. Perhaps you can change all this. And so my advice to you is: Work your head off and keep your nose to the grindstone! Do that and you'll wind up with one heckuva schmoz on top of your throat! But you'll be a winner.

And as you go out into the world I have one message. In the words of a great philosopher, "He who steals my purse steals trash. But he who steals my good name—also steals trash." That philosopher's name was Irving Trash!

Also remember these words: If love slips thru your fingers, it isn't so terrible. Nor if success slips thru your fingers, that can be lived with also. But if your fingers slip thru your fingers—then you're in trouble! And lastly, remember, the truth shall make you free! And if not, so what's the big deal? Life is short anyway!

FROM THE PRINCIPAL*

*still being held hostage



Script by Paul Laikin

THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK

FOR NOW, BABY

A SICK PARODY

FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS OF JUNE, 1969
(if they make it)



THE HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK FOR NOW, BABY

Our schools today are filled with strikes and violence. Yet our school yearbooks show nothing of this change. They have remained the same throughout the turbulent times. What should be seen are more up-to-date yearbooks, ones that reflect the shoddy conditions as they really are. Like this shoddy example we call...